# Listener

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Early Byzantine silver and gilt dish with a design depicting Silenus and a maenad, from the Hermitage Museum (see page 570)

**Economic Future of the Middle East** By Z. Y. Hershlag

Character in Town Architecture By Sir William Holford

> Taking Viruses to Pieces By R. J. C. Harris

France and Madagascar By Leo Silberman

Bishops and Kings—I By Enoch Powell, M.P.

New Films from Abroad By Dilys Powell

and Art, Book Reviews, Bridge, Crossword, Gardening, Music, Radio Criticism, and Recipes

### Do you think?

SUPPOSE you like to think—and talk—about current politics, international affairs, books, the arts and entertainments, finance, sport and all the other topics that concern the lively mind. Suppose that you are interested in what is going on in the world; not just the world of politics and industry and revolutions in other countries, but also the world with its lighter side turned towards you.

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But of course that isn't all. In its pages you will find Taper, whose weekly political commentary is more widely read at Westminster than any other; you will find Alan Brien blowing through the stale air of the London theatre like a sea breeze; you will find the lively eye of Roundabout looking on at every imaginable aspect of the British scene; you will find Leslie Adrian discussing everything from restaurants to refrigerators; you will find Miles Howard dealing with problems of health and sickness; you will find reports from correspondents in the Middle East (and the West End), Paris (and Brighton), Washington (and Bath).

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### HOME CURED

By Podalirius

No one can have been much surprised by the result of a recent American enquiry into the attitude of patients to the hospitals they are in. It had been noticed that a fair proportion of patients were aggressive, noisy or querulous—sometimes all three; a team of psychiatrists slid into action, asking patients questions, eating their tangerines and showing them ink-blots; results were garnered, collated and analysed, and it was found that a fair proportion of patients in hospitals do not, to put it in terms a layman can grasp, like being there.

This finding in turn goes far to explain a whole series of basic human impulses. To feel ill, go to bed and say "I'm not really ill." To add "Don't bother about me ... just leave me alone ... could you be an angel and bring me the papers? ... and a drink? ... and a pack of cards—two packs? ..." To refuse to see a doctor and lie in panic until he comes; then to tell him there's nothing wrong with one and be put out if he agrees; and to apply to any remark or action two criteria: will it reap any sympathy? . . . or will it elicit so much that one will find oneself, next thing, in hospital?

There follows an era of trays, crumbs between the sheets, pills, thermometers and desert afternoons spent waiting for tea. The bedroom changes character as the toys of sickness accumulate: War and Peace, a Spanish Primer, radio, Scrabble board, exercise books, fruit, magazines—all the meaty bits of reading and writing one has set aside for such a moment as this and all the more amusing trifles which prevent one from quite getting down to them. Downstairs, just as if its master were perfectly well, the house continues to make the noises all houses make to show that they are alive: a snoring of pipes, the hum of a vacuum cleaner, the chatter of a char.

At last there is convalescence: sofas, cushions, and a feeling of complete recovery quickly eroded by the first dizzying attempts to stand; a tendency to treat the doctor as though he had only dropped in for sherry on his way to visit someone else, which is the case; and, eventually, an attempt to carry a light tray for the patient and splendid woman who has been carrying them to one's bedside during these long weeks. This last effort is well worth it; one does not want to spend the evenings of the first fortnight of one's return to work visiting her in hospital.

As you rightly hint, Podalirius, it is almost always the home cured patient's eventual lot to wait upon the nurse or tray carrier. But it must not be forgotten that the patient, as well as the nurse, is still in need of proper care and attention. Especially where nutrition is concerned, for the present-day diet often lacks vital food factors. These missing factors, however, are easily and effectively added to the diet simply by sprinkling a little Bemax on your food each day. For Bemax is stabilized wheatgerm—the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man. You can get Bemax from your chemist. THE BEST OF PODALIRIUS. A second series of selected Podalirius articles is now available in booklet form. Write to the address below for your free copy.

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# The Listener

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#### CONTENTS

CURRENT AFFAIRS: The Economic Future of the Middle East (Z. Y. Hershlag)			567 568
France and Madagascar (Leo Silberman)	549	ART: Round the London Galleries (Alan Clutton-Brock) LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	570
British Way of Life	552	From J. H. Tauber, Enid Lakeman, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., Eric Warne, P. B. Checkland, John Russell, Alan Dent,	-
DID YOU HEAR THAT? (microphone miscellany)		and S. S. Townsend	5/1
Character in the Architecture of Towns (Sir William Holford)		Answers to Listeners' Bridge Problems (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese)	572
POEM: The Last Picnic (K. W. Gransden)		Television Documentary (K. W. Gransden)  Television Drama (Ivor Brown)	576 576
A Traditional Language of Symbols (Kathleen Raine)	559 573	Sound Drama (Ian Rodger)	577
New Novels (Goronwy Rees)	575 561	Music (Dyneley Hussey)	
	563 564	BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	583 583
PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST (Rt. Hon. Viscount Hailsham, q.c.)			583

### The Economic Future of the Middle East

By Z. Y. HERSHLAG

T has recently become fashionable to divide the Middle East into two major entities: the Arab sector and the non-Arab sector. The plans concerned with Arab economic development seem to confirm this cleft and may well perpetuate it. I would like to look at some of the economic characteristics of these two sectors and at their economic relations to each other, since any realistic assessment of Middle-Eastern development depends upon a willingness to see beyond the political frontiers, however 'visionary' such an approach may seem at this moment.

Out of the total population of some 107,000,000, about 60,000,000 live in Arab countries, and 47,000,000 in the non-Arab area, namely in Turkey, Iran and Israel. Also, the Arab part extends over much more territory—some 2,500,000 square miles, as against nearly 1,000,000 square miles of the three non-Arab countries. But the non-Arab countries have about 60 per cent. of the cultivable land, so the pressure on land is actually greater in the Arab part, even when one disregards the extreme case of Egypt. This is a first source of greater strength of the non-Arab area. Furthermore, the labour (and, by the way, the military) potential of the non-Arab area is greater, at least in the short run, since the expectation of life in Turkey, and particularly in Israel, is higher than in the Arab area, which in this respect equals Iran with an approximate average of forty years of age. This larger share of economically active population almost cancels out the numerical superiority of the Arab area.

The Arab part contributes some 49 per cent, and the other part about 51 per cent, to the total national income of the Middle East, a third source of strength in the non-Arab area which is represented by a higher average per capita income of about £42, as against £32 in the Arab area. As far as the composition of national income is concerned, oil revenues account for 20 per cent. in the Arab area, and for only 4 per cent. in the non-Arab part. It is true that oil is a great source of strength, but it is also true, for all underdeveloped countries, that there is danger in too great a reliance on a single source of income, and on balance I

would suggest that its more diversified economy is a further element of strength in the non-Arab area.

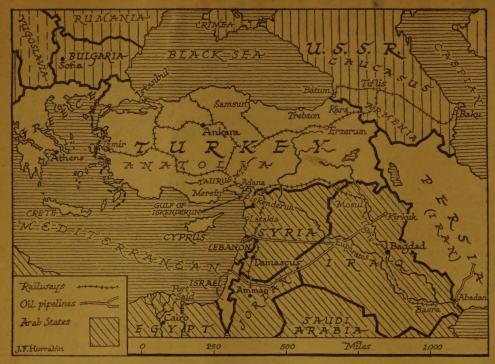
It is therefore reasonable to ask: why should the world bother with an over-all regional development of the Middle East, instead of concentrating on the poorer and weaker Arab part only, as, indeed, is now canvassed in the United Nations? Are we to accept that the present plan for Arab development falls in line with economic facts? I believe that a closer observation of the Middle Eastern scene reveals that the brand-new model of a pan-Arabic economic development rests on doubtful assumptions. Non-Arab nations, as I have tried briefly to show, constitute a vital element of the area.

Many people believe that there is a national cultural and religious homogeneity in the Arab countries which of itself would make the Arab sector a viable economic entity. I believe this is fallacious. Differences throughout the Arab sector run both vertically and horizontally: between religious sects, social strata, settlers and nomads, indigenous people in the villages and conquerors' descendants in the cities. The processes of national amalgamation are so far from being accomplished that no smooth transition to an economically integrated Arab society can be envisaged. Nor are the present political events a lasting basis for economic development: for it is not the last revolution, from all appearances, which occurs now in the Middle East.

I may make my point clearer if I turn briefly to the Arab record in economic planning. I would not deny that many mistakes have been made in the non-Arab countries, which are also faced with many internal divisions. Yet at least in Israel and Turkey there has been greater achievement, and a dynamism and continuity in the implementation of their plans, which are factors

equally as important as the financial resources.

There have been various pilot-projects in Egypt, Syria, or Iraq, including the agrarian reform; some of the plans have been good, but the results have been no more than isolated attempts, of little significance for the population at large. If it were the case of Iraq only, the blame could have been put on the incompetence of



the old régime. But the interesting thing is precisely that the Iraqis, in spite of many shortcomings, have been in recent years more successful than Egypt in a series of important development projects, particularly in irrigation and power.

The Egyptian case is all the more striking, since the revolutionary régime proclaimed from the start that it aimed at overall economic and social changes and one might have supposed a dynamism to carry them through. Yet it can hardly be said that the Egyptian landlord class has been destroyed, when ownership of 200 up to 300 acres of irrigated land is permitted even by law, when many landlords have made a fortune by selling surplus land, or when they may pay off some taxes with government securities received in payment for expropriated land. The rights of the former tenants-at-will are, legally at least, safeguarded; and the number, though not the viability, of self-owned farm units has been increased. But pilot settlement projects, mainly that of the Liberation Province, have largely failed. The new High Dam is still on paper. Agricultural and industrial enterprises have created jobs for a few thousand people, but the yearly increase of earners is not less than 100,000.

It is difficult to contend that economic and social wants will be fulfilled with the realization of pan-Arab aspirations: the reason for the difficulties lies deeper than politics; it lies, I believe, in the structure of Arab society, under both royal and republican rule, and in its economic values. The Middle East is in dire need of an economic upsurge, but economic programming has to be given certain minimum conditions of success, and relieved from excessive political strain

relieved from excessive political strain.

I am afraid that Arabs, or at least their official circles, will not believe in the goodwill of an Israeli discussing their affairs, particularly if he does so in critical terms. Assertions of objectivity and detachment are of no use. But I should like to say that the pessimism with which I contemplate Arab economic and social prospects in an exclusive Arab framework is not governed by any Israeli bias of mine. As an Israeli, I might, on the contrary, think of many irrational but successful developments running counter to 'pure' economic theory, such as occurred in Israeli society in its hectic history. But Arab experience does not point, so far, to a similar pattern.

No one wishes to give up hopes for more fruitful planning than in the past, and I would like to suggest a course which has not so far been put forward explicitly, namely, a combination of short-run and long-term programming on two different political and geographical levels. The long-term plan would be the dominating one, and it has to envisage the utilization of all resources available to the Middle East as a whole.

The political conditions of the Middle East have given rise to development on the national, and on a pan-Arab, level; I am

certainly not going to deny that a short-run programme is necessary. But this programme should be adapted not only to the pressing needs of the individual countries but also to the larger and more distant targets of the common regional development. In outline, what I suggest is that the United Nations should be in charge of a kind of planning holding company, with all the countries concerned as 'sleeping partners' only, during the short-run period. The Arab countries, if they wished, might become one single partner on the basis of an Arab Plan, with Iran, Israel, and Turkey as the other partners. In due course, the 'sleeping partners' would take over the responsibility for the long-term regional plan.

The difficulties of such a combined scheme are obvious, and the main one is the atmosphere of mutual suspicion. Other practical difficulties are Israeli-Arab relations and the Arab refugees problem. But the implementation of the scheme would be based on the assumption that if regional integration is genuinely accepted as a goal it would diminish the importance

of those issues. The regional nations have to reconcile themselves to the idea that living together is preferable to the danger of mutual extermination.

The short-run scheme is already in operation. Apart from the Arab plans, almost every country in the region has its own development programme; but in my opinion they need revising to open up prospects for future economic integration. This implies the recognition of the Arab striving for unity and their free use of their own resources. It also implies the abolition of the anti-Israel boycott (which, paradoxically, strengthened some elements of the Israeli economy and its links with non-Arab economies), not so much because the boycott is an impediment to Israeli (continued on page 569)

#### 'THE LISTENER' NEXT WEEK

The M.C.C. cricket team is about to begin its tour of Australia during which the B.B.C. will be broadcasting descriptions of the Test Matches. David Sylvester will contribute an article to THE LISTENER next week on cricket and broadcasting with reference to the tour.

On October 18 the B.B.C. begins a new series of experiments in stereophonic broadcasting: H. T. Greatorex will discuss the nature and meaning of these experiments.

C. H. O'D. Alexander's broadcast talk on Chess champions will be published and further Bridge hands sent in by listeners will be analyzed by experts.

A tribute to the latest work of the historian, R. H. Tawney, will be paid by Maurice Ashley.

These contributions will be in addition to the usual talks on current affairs, literature and the arts, book reviews, and comments on B.B.C. programmes in television and sound by independent critics.

OCTOBER 9 1958

### Problems before General de Gaulle

By THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent

THINK no one would deny that General de Gaulle's supreme problem lies in Algeria, or perhaps I should say about Algeria, because it is not just a question of settling things on the spot there. Algeria is a big problem on the home front too. For many of the votes for de Gaulle in the referendum at home came from two diametrically opposed schools of thought: people on the one hand who want the General to smack the rebels down whatever the cost; and those, on the other hand, who want him to try to secure a liberal settlement, so that if the attempt does fail the world will at least see that it was made. Whatever he does he can hardly avoid displeasing one side or the other.

Setting aside Algeria, what are the General's other problems? The day after the referendum, I asked a French friend what he thought would be the General's biggest French problem. Promptly, without the slightest hesitation, he replied, 'The French'. I can see the point of that remark. As far as the public is concerned, the referendum results were just as much a revulsion against the old scheme of things as an expression of confidence in de Gaulle's ability to put things right. But some people seem to have reflected that the entire nation must, because of twelve years' indifference, bear some responsibility for the state of affairs which led to the wide insurrection in Algiers in May and de Gaulle's own return to power. So the General could get into difficulties for one of two reasons: either because of too much active public interest now in the process of government, the kind of active interest which led to the downfall of the present regime in May; or a return to indifference and the certainty of trouble again in the end. In a word, the General's problem in that respect is how to get people interested in the course he steers while preventing them from rocking the boat.

As far as immediate political issues are concerned, the General should have no troubles from his Cabinet. Most of his Ministers were intimately concerned in the affairs of the now defunct Fourth Republic; and whether from right, left, or centre, they are likely to sing in their present *pianissimo* tone for some time to come. For that reason, what would normally be a hideously difficult, if not impossible, job, a reform of the system of holding

elections, will certainly be carried out according to the General's taste.

One highly dangerous political snare does lie across the General's path: it is the intention of some of the General's supporters to set up yet another Gaullist Party in succession to the ill-fated French People's Rally, or R.P.F. formed by the General himself, not long after he gave up power twelve years ago. The French People's Rally failed at least partly because de Gaulle would not lead it in parliament. This time he could not lead it in parliament if he would, as we all expect he will be the next President of the French Republic. And since by the very terms of his own newly adopted hand-made constitution, the President must not be anything but an arbitrator, he would eat his own words if he allowed a political party to be associated with his name in any way. It might well be even more dangerous ultimately for him and the country if parliament became little more than a group of Gaullist yes-men. That at least is the opinion of many sober-minded men who voted for the General. Their hope is that the elections will produce something more than a handful of non-communist opposition members.

Outside politics, the General will have to tackle one problem that none of the men before him have been able to make the slightest impression upon: inflation, and with it the ever-increasing cost of living. Not since the Pinay experiment of 1952 has any French Prime Minister been able to hand over to the next one a country in an improved financial and economic condition—quite the contrary, in fact. It is true that the country has immense resources in many directions with great hopes of the riches of the Sahara. It is true that many industries are flourishing: in fact, unemployment is negligible. Nevertheless, France is spending abroad far more than she is selling abroad, and though the success of the recent national loan did improve the Treasury's position, this can only be a temporary palliative.

Treasury's position, this can only be a temporary palliative.

The chief factor in France's present economic and financial difficulties is, of course, the war in Algeria. Even if the cost falls short of the £2,000,000 that is the estimate of some experts, it is nevertheless enormous, and peace in Algeria would lighten not only men's hearts here but also the taxpayer's burden.

- From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

### France and Madagascar

By LEO SILBERMAN

N September 28, France made a singular experiment with her overseas Empire. In a world resounding with anti-European propaganda, the man of colour, tribal as well as évolué, in every French territory had to say 'yes' or 'no' to a continued relationship within the French community. This was an enormous gamble. As it happens every French territory voted 'yes' except Guinea, which alone ceases to be administered by France and to receive French financial and technical aid.

So France can face the United Nations and the anti-colonial world with the apparent assurance that she speaks for the majority of her overseas peoples, governed not simply because at some time they were conquered by French arms. France has, in a way, legitimized her rule, but—more important—she has also revolutionized it. Previously there were only three possible French attitudes. Assimilation—the position of the left which saw in every colonial a Frenchman and a Republic stretching from

Dunkirk to Tananarive, 12,000 miles away: or, the position of the right—pure colonialism with a permanently inferior status for colonial subjects: or, lastly, abandonment of the dependent territories as costly playthings which could only get France into trouble and repressive warfare. All this has been dropped, and a position has been adopted for which there is no tradition at all in France—federalism.

By negotiation with all states in the French community a supreme Senate will be created. We do not know, and probably General de Gaulle does not know, its exact form, but each territory will have an equal voice in it and it will direct defence and foreign policy and manage the French overseas aid programme. We do not know either how many members this body will contain until the elections which will take place in November, after which each territorial parliament will have to decide the status it wants to assume. Madagascar and the rest voted 'yes' for this choice. They have voted to remain in the French com-

munity now, but also to have the right to say in November whether they wished to remain as at present a dependency still largely under the supervision of Paris; or, alternatively, to become a self-governing state in all respects but defence and foreign representation, which will be borne by France; or, thirdly, to be a department of France, such as the island of Réunion already is and presumably will remain.

To the north of Madagascar, the Moslem Comoros (as did the antarctic islands to the South) will probably want to continue their present status of semi-dependencies. But Madagascar registered 25 per cent, of negative votes and there was a relatively large number of abstentions in Tananarive and Tamatave, the main towns. Madagascar will probably want to opt for statehood. General de Gaulle showed his sympathy for self-government by saying in Tananarive, before the referendum, that next time he hopes to salute the Malagasy Government in the Palace of the Queen—the tall grey buildings, by a Scottish architect, that dominate the hillsides of Tananarive and are symbolic of inde-

pendent Madagascar before the French conquest.

The strategist with his eye on the road to India will note that Madagascar's naval base at Diego Suarez safe with its heightened importance since Nasser and, shall we say, since Verwoerd. The Southern Indian Ocean will remain French. This includes not only Madagascar, the Grande Ile larger than France and the Countries together, plus the thirty other French islands, but also the ninety in the Seychelles group, dependencies,

all French-speaking, though British since 1810. This strong defensive and cultural position for the West explains why the United States can afford not to have a single consular post in

all this immense and important area.

But it will not be only the Madagascar voter asking for greater freedom of action. After the November elections, France, too, may want more independence. A strong movement exists in France that wants to stop paying vast doles to the backward territories. Annually £18,000,000 are found from the French taxpayer, to invest in Madagascar under the ten-years plan. Forty per cent. of Madagascar's budget is made up by French subsidies, and administration and defence are shouldered entirely by Paris. France has a budget deficit herself. General de Gaulle, however, to the despair of the Ministry of Finance, stands squarely for continued financial aid to all 'yes' voting territories as well as for expenditure in Algeria, and for expenditure on atomic research and armament: he is anything but an advocate of Little France. He is all-powerful today, but the opposition to this lavish aid, which puts France behind Germany in costs of production and standards of living, can only increase.

No doubt the financial consideration is a factor in Madagascar. Exports are up last year by 14 per cent, in value, and Madagascar has every reason to be satisfied with France for fixing prices above world market returns for rice, coffee, pepper, wood, and minerals; even for the 20,000 crocodile skins which Madagascar annually exports. But the General's personal prestige is also high in Madagascar. In colonial matters he has always been a liberal, Indeed, had the policy he outlined at Brazzaville in 1943 been followed after the war there might never have been the Malagasy rising of 1947 with its bloody repression, the memories of which are far from effaced. Perhaps, too, the ordinary Malagasy feels some strange kinship with the sincere, gawky Man of Orleans, isolated and even secretive, dextrous, flexible, who has his way despite all the rigidities and taboos which face him. For this is the kind of soldierly, religious, isolated, visionary man, which the Malagasy royal army tried to breed.

I have underlined the revolutionary character of the new federal community, different from the old colonial empire, from the French Union, and from the British Commonwealth. I must also underline that the new dispensation makes sense in the general trend of events.

For Madagascar, for instance, there was a steep descent from Radama I, a contemporary of Bonaparte who called himself, with some justification, the Napoleon of the Indian Ocean, to the French conquest in 1895 and colonialism, 'Nationalist' is hardly the word for the Malagasy opposition which, in the inter-war years, stood for complete integration with France as an equal department. But, only in 1946, Madagascar in common with all the colonies was given representation in the French chamber of deputies and the senate. By that time the gesture was too late.

In the hinterlands of Tamatave the revolt broke out, as serious as the events in Kenya, and as costly in life and treasure.

On the constructive side, however, the sixty overseas M.P.s have known how to use their influence with successive French governments always in need of some extra votes in a crisis. This accounts for France's uniquely large aid programme, expensive electrical installations in Madagascar, the cotton scheme at Antsirabe, the new port and town of Tamatave, the schools and hospitals, sports stadia even in small towns, fine buildings run up by the Department of Architecture.



and Mauritius with its The Palace of the Queen, Madagascar, built by a Scots architect in the nineteenth century

A further proof of the strength of the reformist trend in French colonial thought after the war has been the so-called framework law, the *loi-cadre* of 1955, which created the present franchise, irrespective of colour, property, or education—so different from the complicated franchises in British colonies. These new governments are in charge of the locally contributed budget. The administrators in the districts recruited and trained in France still remained under the formal control of Paris, but in their day-to-day activities they have had to follow the policies laid down by the local Malagasy ministers. Hence the loi-cadre broke with the old colonial line. Now the government will rapidly replace the French administrators by Malagasy ones, leaving the French in the position of liaison and advisory officers, and forcing

I believe that in Madagascar the colonial complex runs deeper than colonialism: it is rooted in the very nature of the caste system, the ritualistic forms of politeness, their exquisiteness, the rigid prescriptions even for how the house must be laid out: orientation always towards the east, the corner for the ancestors in the north-east, the slaves in the opposite corner, the women to the west, the fire in the centre. An offence against custom, even if unwitting, brings damnation not only to oneself but to one's forebears, who in a sense are loved more dearly than one's children, and are not only buried expensively once but, amid

dancing and wailing, several times.

the shy Malagasy to take responsibility.

All these features of Malagasy culture are certainly still alive, above all in the bourgeois Hova caste among the Merina and in aristocratic castes linked to the royal house. Yet they are, at the same time, the chief exponents of Malagasy nationalism and of independence. In the November elections, the light-skinned

Merina, the most advanced and wealthy people on the Highlands, will stand for a self-governing and unitary state of Madagascar and they will be opposed by the more backward, dark-skinned southerners who will want a federal system within the island.

In Madagascar the Merina are drawn towards the unitary solution because the pre-French state was highly centralized under their royal house. And there are strong technical and political arguments in its favour. Federalism is a spendthrift of time, of money, and—what counts a great deal in such a territory—of scarce personnel. Under the loi-cadre, every province of the island has its own ministry and assembly: 50 ministers and 240 M.P.s to govern a population of only 5,000,000 seems excessive by any standard.

On the other hand, the administration of the island by provincial divisions has given the backward coastal and southern people a chance of coming into their own. By 1895, the Merina had conquered almost twothirds of the island, and Merina forts and colonies had been set up almost everywhere. The Merina influence continued under the French, who

availed themselves of this most assimilable, advanced and largest tribe of people with their extensive administrative network. It is mainly in the highlands that 60,000 French are crowded; the only secondary schools were built there and all the central government offices. Thus the wealthy Merina middle class sprung up; of every 350 Malagasy students in France, 325 are of Merina origin. The domination of the island by the Merina is probably inevitable. This is just the reason why in their own interest the Merina should go slow. They say that the present provincial constitution is an instrument of French divide and rule, but a hasty re-centralization may set up an implacable opposition. The Merina are the largest single element, but they are warned that they are still only one fifth of all Madagascar.

'We don't want racialism', Tsiranana, the prime minister of the co-ordinating council of ministers, told me, 'and the Merina won't marry out of their caste. They parade their advanced status and think that it gives them the right to be top dog everywhere!' There is only one Merina in his government. M. Tsiranana's people remember the forced labour system of the queen's gold mines, the usury of the Merina landlords, the need to bribe your way to an official. His people and the other coastal peoples, the Sakalava, the Taimuro, the light-skinned Vez, also want independence, though, not without reason, they are apprehensive of a return to the glories so seductively depicted to them by the highlanders, when the queen, treated as an equal at all the courts of Europe, had her own printing press, her code of 305 draconian laws, her foundries turning out cannons; splendid efforts at landscape gardening and her ceremonial baths, but did not treat all peoples as equals.

At the same time there are very good reasons for hope of a peaceful solution. I have stressed the differences between the Merina and the other peoples in order to explain the political dissensions. Yet in spite of the island's great size there are few important cultural divisions. All Malagasy speak the same language—a unique language though related to those of Borneo. Most Merina are recent arrivals from Java, no earlier than the fourteenth century, while the dark-skinned came from the Pacific islands much earlier and have an admixture of African blood. But all adhere to the same big culture area which is specifically Malagasy, not African and not Asian. This is why a Malagasy's self-esteem was hurt when he was classed as African or as a colonial. He has culture rich in artistic traditions and ornate



Merina women in a market in Tananarive, the capital city

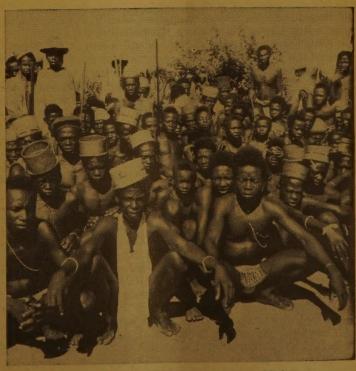
poetry, dancing, fine embroidery, elegant clothes and fine printing.

The national consciousness which results from all this is a powerful factor for exclusive unity. The rebels of 1947, for example, never appealed to the United Nations; the island is more than indifferent to Africa; India is feared because it could overrun the island; the Chinese are disliked as sharp traders and money lenders. The only outside link is with France, and although the antinationalists have wanted to strengthen this link and incense their adversaries by, for example, only speaking French in their homes, there is no strong animus on the other side against the French. Radical Frenchmen are in every one of the fifteen competing parties; in Tamatave province fourteen of the forty deputies are French, elected by the people who in 1947 started the revolt. The Minister of Economics in the central government is Karl Marx's great-grandson, a French planter turned Malagasy nationalist.

Many local French, of course, are too ready to disparage or ignore Malagasy civilization. But here, too, the new French Commonwealth opens a window; France's destiny will be increasingly determined by the over-

seas members of her governing body; moreover, if the oil of the Sahara is realized and the minerals of West Africa, and the uranium promise of the southern parts of Madagascar comes true, her wealth may increasingly come from abroad. All this will make a new French outlook; even for Algeria General de Gaulle has never spoken of 'integration'; he has only spoken of an 'integration of souls'! The new French community has, unlike the British Commonwealth in Australia and New Zealand, no white axis of states, and for this reason alone this most assimilationist French empire may end by being the bridge between Europe and the non-European world within the Western orbit.

-Third Programme



Dancers of Melanesian origin, from southern Madagascar

## The Listener

BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1958

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### British Way of Life

EXT week a famous store in Dallas, Texas, is staging 'a mammoth British Fortnight'. The British Ambassador is to cut a ribbon at an official opening. A replica of London Bridge will be set up; a stag party will be held; tea and Scotch grouse will be on sale; and the Old Vic company will perform Shakespeare. It is good to learn that British wares and British ways are being demonstrated to American citizens. Nothing is more important in these days than that we should understand one another. Over the years Alistair's Cooke's 'Letter from America' and broadcasts by fine journalists like Raymond Swing and Joseph Harsch have enabled listeners to the B.B.C. to learn something about the American way of life and in any case, after all, most of us are aware of it through their plays and films, their rock-'n'-roll and soft drinks, and all the other Americanisms that hit us in our daily life. But it is not quite the same over there.

The Americans have an ambivalent attitude to history. They both destroy and rebuild their past. Nothing is sacred, and yet in the village of 'restored' Williamsburg or even in and around Independence Hall in Philadelphia enormous trouble has been taken and money expended in re-creating the American past. When British visitors are shown around the United States they are expected to admire historical monuments that are comparatively young or even devoted fakes. Is that because we are considered to dwell rather pathetically in our glorious past and to be more concerned with the past than with the present, or is it because the Americans themselves have a sneaking feeling

that a long history adds stature to civilized life?

Whatever may be the correct interpretation, it is certainly widely felt that we are often represented in the United States as 'fuddie-duddies'. A scheme is on foot to stage various exhibitions in the United States to prove that we are not, and maybe such exhibitions will be more useful to us than the imitation Elizabethan inns and their like which are comprised in the fortnight at Dallas. For our modern accomplishments are genuine, from the early work we achieved in the realm of atomic science, to the discovery of penicillin and modern progress on jet-propelled aircraft. We have of course our traditional products— Scotland is to the fore with tweeds, whisky, and salmon—but our enterprise is not dead and deserves to be proclaimed. Indeed we must advertise both. The British pavilion at Brussels is said to have struck the right note in this respect in recalling the majesty of our past as well as the ingenuities of the present times. There are those who would root up the past over here and sacrifice everything to the hydra-headed monster of salesmanship. Sometimes one feels there is too much of that about the American way of life, where everything from an academic magazine to a religious service in church has to be pushed and pummelled for fear it will be missed. The truth is surely that both traditional values and modern triumphs need celebrating. At least it is satisfactory to learn that we are reckoned manly. The British Fortnight in Dallas follows a successful French Fortnight last year: that was aimed to appeal to women. The British Fortnight is for 'the forgotten male.

### What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on nuclear tests

ON OCTOBER 3, two days after the United States Atomic Energy Commission had reported that Soviet nuclear tests had been resumed, it was announced from Moscow that they had been resumed because Britain and the United States had not accepted Soviet suggestions for an immediate universal suspension of tests. The announcement added that Britain and the U.S. had used the Soviet discontinuation of tests to secure military advantages for themselves, but the Soviet Union would continue its efforts towards the immediate and universal ending of tests. From India, The Hindustan Times was quoted as saying that the Soviet resumption of tests was not a happy augury for the success of the coming Geneva talks on suspension of nuclear tests. And The Times of India was quoted as saying that the familiar tactics whereby a ban is enforced with a flamboyant gesture, only to be promptly abandoned when the West is about to co-operate, would probably deceive no one:

All that was necessary for the Soviet Union, assuming its sincere desire for a ban, was to exercise self-restraint for another month and join with Western Powers in discussing the means by which international control could be established on the basis of the Geneva recommendations. This the Soviet Union has not chosen to do, and the reasons possibly lie as much in Peking as in Moscow, since China no doubt has nuclear ambitions of her own.

The New York Times suggested two reasons for the Soviet proposal to raise the Geneva conference to Foreign Ministers' level:

One, openly avowed in their Notes, is to utilise the pressure of time on the Foreign Ministers in order to force them into a binding agreement to end all nuclear tests 'for ever' before the inspection system is finally agreed upon or installed . . . The other reason apparently is that, since the experts envisaged inspection stations in Communist China, the Soviets could confront the Foreign Ministers with the demand to admit Communist China in their circle as a Power entitled to full recognition and United Nations membership.

On October 5 Moscow radio broadcast a statement by Mr. Khrushchev to Tass saying that the Soviet Union would come to the aid of China only if she were attacked by the United States. He accused President Eisenhower of having misrepresented the Soviet position: the Soviet Government, said Mr. Khrushchev had never said it intended to interfere in the civil war between the Chinese people and the 'Chiang Kai-shek clique'. On the same day Peking radio broadcast a statement by Defence Minister Peng Teh-huai saying he had given orders for the bombardment of the off-shore islands to stop for seven days. In an open letter to the Chinese people in Formosa, the Defence Minister said he was doing this to permit a compromise being reached between the two sides.

The ninth anniversary of the Chinese People's Republic on October 1 was the occasion of many official statements reiterating Communist China's determination to recover Quemoy, Matsu, and Formosa, and her confidence in victory if it came to war. In an address to the troops in the Peking National Day parade, Peng Teh-huai said that 'if the United States aggressors impose war on us', China with the help of the Socialist camp and all peace-loving countries, would 'assuredly win complete victory'.

The Soviet home service gave a full account of the Chinese anniversary celebrations in Moscow. Soviet speeches and comment emphasised China's progress, denounced United States 'aggression' in the Taiwan Straits area as criminal and hopeless, and reaffirmed Soviet-Chinese solidarity, to which the Khrush-chev-Mao meeting in August was said greatly to have contributed. Many Soviet broadcasts emphasised the lack of support for United States policy, which was 'fraught with the danger of a world war'. Listeners in the United States were told that United States policy was being determined primarily by Chiang Kai-shek:

Today the Nationalists are using United States guided missiles against Communist aircraft, and tomorrow they may decide to use the same missiles with atomic warheads. Who will then be responsible? The Americans will answer for it because it is they who are helping Chiang Kai-shek.

### Did You Hear That?

#### TELEVISION IN THE UNITED STATES

WHICHEVER television channel one has been used to watching in England', said GERALD PRIESTLAND, a B.B.C. correspondent, speaking from Washington in 'Today', 'it is the commercials which strike one most out here. On the whole these are less entertaining, less well designed, and far more infuriating than their English counterparts. The British have, I suppose, the Television Act to thank for not having newsreaders who announce: "The Day of Judgment is expected tomorrow—I'll have the details after this message from Phizzo".

'A good many American commercials look as if they have been thrown together on the cheap: presumably because the sponsor puts the bulk of his money into the actual show. This surprising quality of shoddiness creeps into all sorts of American pro-

grammes, not so much those distributed by the big networks but those put on by local stations. Again it is surprising to learn that American producers often have smaller budgets than British producers doing the same kind of programme, especially if it is of the more serious kind which does not make money; for example, a topical pro-gramme. As a result, one has less real choice from four channels in Washington than one has from only two in London.

Despite the higher definition system, American pictures are usually worse technically than British; and colour television—be-sides being fabulously expensive-produces, whenever I see it, a most unstable picture in which the colours

keep running.

'Nearly perfect entertainment for a young child': a delighted audience watching G. MacDomnic

I do not like to seem insular, but I also think the regular British news programmes are far better than those across the Atlantic. For this, geography—the ease of British communications -must in part be responsible. Another type of show which is done less often and less well in America is the documentary or feature, though there are occasional magnificent exceptions. Children's programmes are usually the shoddiest of all. The children seldom have anything specially performed for them, live, but have to subsist on very old cartoon films. These, I must admit, hypnotise them effectively. They are also made the target for commercials ("Tell your Mommy you must have Crunchex for breakfast").

'There remain quiz, soap opera, and violence. No watcher of

British television needs telling much about the sort of games played on television by grown-ups in America. They are mostly the same, and so is their appeal—that of watching personality under stress. Sometimes it is the stress of deciding an answer worth many thousand dollars, at others the emotional knock-out of being presented simultaneously with a new house, a new car, a long-lost mother, and enough money to maintain all three. The soap operas, too, are pretty routine: urban, middle-class families, whose scriptwriters have constantly to strike a balance between making them too typical to be interesting and too interesting to be typical. My own favourites have just run into the appalling problem: Was mother a Communist?

Lastly, there is violence. Perhaps gunplay and fisticuffs are as formal a part of the "western" as blood and bodies are of the detective novel. They merely tend to become rather monotonous. But there is something much nastier about the slugging and plugging that goes on in the constant stream of crime plays. Many of these are disguised as warnings to the public or tributes to the police. But I cannot help finding beneath them both a confused sense of guilt and the feeling that a guy really ought to be tough and not have too much respect for authority'.

#### LONG LIVE PUNCH!

'In many houses', said DAVID HOLBROOK in a talk in Network Three, 'I have seen parents and children sit side by side, morbidly watching-on the television screen-one man slowly and inefficiently strangling another, or a man and a woman shooting at each other. But commercially successful provision for morbid horror is, I would say, damaging at the worst, and, at best, simply

no help to either children or parents because the feelings aroused, though strong, are not given in such a way as to help us to feel adequately

in real living.

'Children's traditional nursery rhymes, on the other hand, and game rhymes, and Punch and Judy, are about violence, pain, death, and sex, suspended in lively and vigorous words. If these subjects are removed from their entertainment they will grow up too soft —for growing up is a great spiritual struggle for the child, who feels and knows more than we think he feels and knows, about love, death, human nature, and time. However much our entertainment suggests life might be more hideous with vampires, or on the other hand is really quite nice and innocuous with little Sooties

and Noddies, we know all the time that life itself is real, earnest, terrible, and joyful, and that it needs above all to be faced with

courage and energy.

'One of the entertainments for children that provides a most marvellous assertion of this, in a form in which children can enjoy being frightened without damage or disturbance, is nowadays badly neglected: Punch and Judy. Let me insist that Mr. Punch is a dramatic entertainment of a high order. To deprive a child of a rich and frequent experience of Punch and Judy would be as wicked as to deprive it of nursery rhymes or the whole of English poetry. Mr. Punch is poetic drama: he says something about life, and everybody watching is happy to be completely lost in the story—and this capacity to believe will go on at some ages even when children are working the puppets themselves, even outside a booth. Indeed, a teacher who recently performed Punch in a school production told me his wife sometimes stared at him with misgivings, so much had he grown into the puppet's part. Mr. Punch's play touches on our deepest fears, yet we roar with laughter, and at the end of the play we feel somehow elated, as we do at the end of a great tragedy.

'As the story of *Punch and Judy* has become so watered down let me remind you of some of the more important elements. The most popular scene is the killing of the baby. Punch calls for Judy who scolds him and eventually produces their baby. She leaves the baby with him to mind, asking the audience to shout if anything is amiss. Punch nurses the baby roughly, but when it cries he assaults it and finally kills it. Judy returns to ask for

the baby, and the audience tell her what has happened to it. Punch confesses. While Punch complains that she is making a fuss about nothing, Judy goes out for a stick and returns to

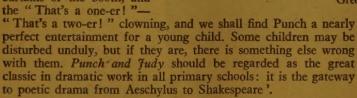
punish Punch. But he seizes the stick and kills her.

Punch, we must realise, is a protagonist, a hero, with whom we identify ourselves: he is ourselves, freed from all the trammels and restraints of pity and consideration—he is us as part of us wants to be—leading a life of impulse. He takes offence, tricks people into killing themselves with their own weapons, impatiently kills the troublesome baby (our baby brother or sister, that attention-demanding creature); he is father-quarrelling-withmother. All our childhood fears associated with insecurity are touched on at these moments in Punch and Judy. Yet we identify ourselves with Punch, too-because he is doing what we would like to do. We watch fascinated to see what will happen to someone who is as naughty as that! At the end, Punch is in gaol: the authorities have seized him: he must be punished. There follows a comic scene which belongs to the long tradition in folk drama and educated drama of buffoonery to accompany death; the comedy itself is the overcoming of our fear of punishment and death. Leporello at Don Giovanni's end, the gravediggers in Hamlet; these are the elements that make the scenes bearable, that enable us to find death need not matter to the

extent of preying, as a disturbing fear, on our

powers of living.

'It is difficult to remember how powerfully one feared and enjoyed Punch as a child: we can re-capture the feeling by watching Punch with children, and watching their faces beside us. Add to the drama of the baby-killing incident, all the marvellous comic business of moving corpses when Punch isn't looking, characters playing hide-and-seek round the curtains of the booth, and



#### FISHERMEN'S SUPERSTITIONS

'The other day', said W. R. RODGERS, in a talk in the General Overseas Service, 'a visitor came to see a friend of mine. He explained that he was a professor at a famous American university. He told my friend a curious story. "When I was a lad", he said, "my father sent me to Europe to knock around and get the corners rubbed off me. One of the first places I went to was Scotland and one of the first things I did was to go out with a fishing trawler from Ayrshire. On the first evening out I went down to the galley of the trawler and I said to the cook something my father used to say jokingly every evening at home. I said, 'Well, what's cooking? Pig?' Nobody answered me: they just went on with their work. But that night not a single fish was caught, and the next day the same. It seems I had committed the gravest blunder possible. I had mentioned a word that no fisherman ever lets cross his lips, the word 'pig': an unlucky word, guaranteed to blight the prospects of any fishing venture.
"Feeling got so high on the boat, fish were so few and far

between, that at last I was taken aside by the crew, who explained to me that there was only one thing to do to lift this spell of bad luck I had brought on them. They were going to put me ashore at Malin Head on the north-west coast of Ireland, and I was to stay there for two days and get drunk: after that, things would come right. So I was put out of the boat at Malin Head, and after two days' ritual drunkenness I was picked up again; and from that moment the trawler proceeded to catch fish galore!

'Fishermen, the world over, have the most curious taboos and superstitions. In a fishing village in the west of Ireland, the local rector was walking along the quay one day when suddenly he noticed a man, a stranger, struggling in the water. The rector shouted to some fishermen nearby but none of them moved a finger to help. So the rector peeled off his coat, jumped in, and somehow managed to bring the man ashore. All the old fishermen shook their heads, as much as to say, "Mark my words. No good will come of that". It must have been about two years later that the rector's house was burgled one night. Some weeks elapsed before the Civic Guards succeeded in arresting the culprit. And who was he? It was the stranger whom the rector had rescued from drowning and who admitted that he had not had the least idea that it was the rector's house he was burgling. But you can imagine how the old fishermen's heads went wig-wag with satisfaction, as much as to say, "We told you so. Never interfere with the sea or rob it of its own, or it will end by robbing you"'.

#### A NELSON EXHIBITION AT GREENWICH

As part of its celebrations to mark the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Admiral Lord Nelson on September 29, the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich has a special exhibi-

tion of medals connected

OCTOBER 9 1958

with Nelson.

The Bolton medal (obverse and reverse) presented to all those who were present at the battle of Trafalgar: now on view at the National Maritime Museum,

Greenwich

COMMANDER W. E. MAY, Deputy Director of the National Maritime Museum, spoke in 'The Eyewitness' about what the public will be able to see. The eighty medals exhibited are the ones given to those who were present at Nelson's victories', he said, 'the commemorative medals struck either at the time or later. At the time of the French wars, the modern custom of presenting medals to all who had taken part in a war had not yet come into

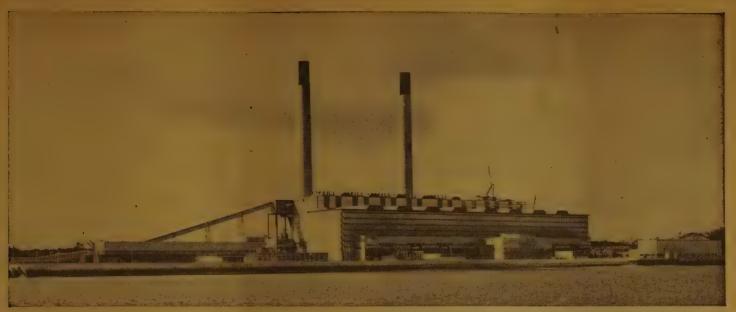
being: the only official medals were gold medals presented to the admirals and captains. Even these were not given for Copenhagen, and Nelson was very angry about it. The medals were in two sizes: the larger one-two inches in diameter-was given to the admirals, and was worn by them on a blue and white ribbon hung round the neck. The smaller one was worn by captains, hanging

on a similar ribbon from the buttonhole.

'After the Nile, Nelson's prize agent, Alexander Davison, at his own expense, had medals struck and gave them to everyone who had been present at the battle. Similar action was taken by Bolton after Trafalgar. Both these medals were struck in gold for the admirals and captains, in silver for the other officers, and in bronze or pewter for the men. They gave intense pleasure to the recipients, many of whom engraved their names on their medals or had them gilded. Although these medals were not intended to be worn, some men had them fitted in glass cases, and others fitted them with rings so that they could be worn round the neck on a cord. A small photograph of a Greenwich pensioner taken about 1860, and given only recently to the museum, shows him wearing his Trafalgar medal on a white cord hung round his neck. In 1848, silver medals were struck by order of the Queen and presented to those still living who had served in the French wars. Altogether 230 actions were remembered by suitable bars for this medal, but in some cases no one was alive to claim them. Only 1,636 received the Trafalgar bar.

'Besides these medals, a large number of medallions were struck by private individuals and sold as souvenirs for profit, both during Nelson's life and even more so shortly after his death. Others recorded the hundredth and hundred-and-fiftieth anniversaries of his death. The collection now at Greenwich is completed by coins and counters bearing his effigy, large numbers of which were produced. The medals will remain on view until

the end of the year'.



'We shall have to come to terms with the new technologies': the Marchwood power station on Southampton Water

### Character in the Architecture of Towns\*

#### By SIR WILLIAM HOLFORD

HAT is it that every visitor to a town or village wants to see? The answer usually is: 'Those things which are most characteristic of the place'. And although it rather begs the question, 'character' is a useful word to have in this context. It conveys an idea of the quality that goes with a building or a landscape that is conceived (or at least co-ordinated) in the mind of the designer, but lives in the social and economic world of its time. It may, in fact, long outlive its time; and the stronger the character the longer it may do so. Most modern architects recognise, for example, the force of imagination that animated the builders of Durham Cathedral. And archaeology, history, television, and the National Buildings Record are between them extending the longevity of buildings even after their physical demise. By the same token they are all tending to emphasize this quality of character which makes them outstanding, but which is difficult to define and impossible to pursue with a recipe.

When we say that a place has character we mean that it is able to express its personality; and that what it expresses seems to us interesting and valuable. Of course, there are parts of towns which are brimful of personality, such as the stretch between the Tower and the Fun Fair on the front at Blackpool, but are not architecturally significant. In a sense, character is enhanced by age and maturity. It is in the natural order of things that old buildings should become rare and that a mature landscape should be more precious than one whose form and planting has only interest them in hand.

just been taken in hand.

In the last 100 years, however, since the preservation movement really began in this country, our attitudes towards the demolition of old work and the building of new have completely changed. Regard for what was sacred or significant, combined with untroubled confidence in altering or creating afresh for the needs of the day, has been replaced by a much more complicated set of emotions. In addition to the growth of a genuine antiquarianism, which is of great value to the modern world, there is a less authentic antiquarianism which is attracted by the old rather than the interesting. This attitude has been commercially exploited to the full, and finds its place easily enough in a subtopian environment.

A wealth of sentiment has also flourished for the 'dear days' that have only just gone by, not too remote to be remembered nor so close as to be out of focus. Reminiscence has always been a

human and endearing weakness; but never before has it been so highly organized, so assiduously propagated by every medium of mass communication.

In terms of building and landscape preservation, this sentiment has a certain value. It is easier now than it used to be to prevent the heedless destruction of architecture that is worth looking at. Since the Planning Act of 1947, buildings of special architectural and historic interest have begun to be listed, and for these buildings you need to give notice of alteration or demolition. But the listing is by no means complete, and even now some 200 listed buildings a year are pulled down, in addition to those which become obsolete through lack of maintenance. Since 1953 the plight of these has been to a small degree relieved by grants made, on the recommendation of the Historic Buildings Councils, by the Minister of Works. The Councils try to ensure their continued use for the purpose for which they were designed—in other words to preserve them in character.

The movement for preservation, on the part of those who love old buildings either for their architectural design or as examples of social history, is wholly encouraging, and will remain so as long as the motives of preservation remain genuine. It is fair to say that this movement would not have progressed even as far as it has without the backing of general sentiment which has pro-

duced a greater sensibility.

After sentiment comes comfort—a rather less admirable guide to public conduct, though almost universal in private affairs. Comfort in matters of taste and design has assumed the proportions of a social disaster. Comfort cannot tolerate the unfamiliar, the disturbing, or the inventive. Committees and councils clutch at it in order to save themselves from thinking about anything as upsetting as principles of design, or anything as distant as the needs of future generations. Planning committees, in particular, have used the blessed word 'amenity' like a fur coat, to insulate themselves against the searching winds of originality. Architects, at certain times, resent this attitude; perhaps without realizing how ingrained it has become in the national character. With few exceptions we are almost the only country in which the owner of a new house is less proud of it than the owner of an old one.

a new house is less proud of it than the owner of an old one.

From preservation as a doctrine of comfort, it is a short step to preservation for fear of the future. This attitude is understandable but none the less deplorable. It is understandable because it is so often true that some old building of character, or a whole



New houses in an old landscape: cottages at Winchelsea, Sussex (architect, A. H. Neave, F.R.L.B.A.)

street, is demolished to make way for something put up in a hurry that has no character at all and never will have. Most of us would be more agreeable to the loss of a familiar landmark or a picturesque group of buildings if we knew that something interesting and vital were to take its place. But there can be no guarantee; and the curious fact remains that with all the safeguards and restrictions we have enacted in the name of preservation, this cardinal principle governing what might be called the responsibilities of architectural inheritance has never been formulated.

The character of places, in my definition, though initiated by the individual minds of the designers, is forged by the society and by the economy of its time. These create, in fact, the frictions which it must survive; and survival contributes to strength of character. In other words, character grows a public front and becomes to some extent a public possession. Herein lies the strength of the argument that it should be made difficult, by law and by public opinion, to take the character of a place away. The anomaly is that when such a decision is seen to be unavoidable, no steps are taken to place a responsibility on the owner or developer of the cleared site to ensure that new character has a good chance to grow.

For a real opportunity to be made two things are wanted: a client who cares and a designer who is sensitive to the nature of the problem. Only too often the new owner looks no further than convenience, utility, or shortterm financial return (and there is no requirement that he should do otherwise); and the architect, if there is one, produces a hack-neyed design, unsuited to the needs of the occasion. If you doubt this, consider some of the most characteristic buildings of the past in your own town, and look at what has replaced them. In London, for example, seek out the sites of a round dozen of Wren's City churches demolished before the blitz, or at Robert Adam's Adelphi, or at Berkeley Square. In Newcastle, ask what would adequately replace Holy Jesus Hospital or the Royal Arcade; and in scores of pre-war and post-war suburbs or housing estates (with some admirable exceptions), note what has happened to the historic country house and its park that might have provided social and aesthetic relief to a now monotonous landscape.

One of the underlying causes of trouble seems to be comparatively simple. It is that

there is a great deal of confusion between the functions of administration and those of design. On the preservation of historic buildings many voices must obviously be heard: politicians and other public men and women; art-historians and archivists, the National Trust; amenity societies; local authorities; owners and occupiers, with their estate managers, lawyers and agents. But when the decision hinges on possible alternatives, or on what kind of architecture could replace the historic building in question, only a trained architectural eye and imagination can provide the answer. Yet in a considerable number of cases that are known, and possibly in more that are unknown, the technical decisions on what can be preserved, what altered, and what replaced, are taken by people without any experience in design and construction.

This excursion into the pros and cons of preservation has been a necessary preliminary to any discussion on the character of places, because all town environments are composed of old and new. Nearly all new design must be backward-looking to some extent, since the limitations of site programme, and

the limitations of site, programme, and environmental character are the framework within which the design grows. An equally important question is: how far can it be forward-looking as well?

In this matter also there are different methods of approach. Broadly, there are two views of what town and country may become: landscapes of amenity or landscapes of technology. Those who strive for amenity try to find harmony in all things, in building forms and local materials, in humanist principles of building composition and in an agricultural countryside, in pictorial qualities reminiscent of Cotman and the early Turner. When driven to make a hard choice they will ultimately prefer mock-Tudor and leaded lights to metal-framed plate glass, because the former 'harmonizes' and the latter does not. They are against advertisements for the simple reason that these are designed to draw attention to themselves and they object to skyscrapers on the same principle. They protest valiantly against tree-felling and against every kind of mast or overhead wire, and are perplexed by motorways and car parks and the general impact of the motor car on towns, favouring restriction and control.

The producers and the pioneers, on the other hand, as well as most children, are attracted by some aspects of the landscape of technology, and are thrilled by the idea of space travel. They are



The traditional town green: houses and footpath at Tenterden, Kent

interested in the motor car, not only for itself but for the power and freedom it can give under favourable conditions; and they want to improve these conditions and to design fully motorized towns. They admire big dams and high buildings, reinforced concrete bridges and nuclear reactors, and the contrast these afford to the familiar buildings and the more settled landscapes in which they have been brought up. They want to come to terms with them, as Brunel did with his broad-gauge railway from Paddington to Bristol, which he engineered with such skill and artistry over 100 years ago.

It may occur to you that the character of our environment is likely to be split in two by this schizophrenia. But between the two extremes there is every grade of intermediate opinion; and, what is even more complicated, different attitudes are held

by the same person, at various times of his life.

A well-known house architect, Mr. Eric Lyons, recently put forward three possible courses of administrative action. The first was to prohibit speculative building and re-strict housing to local authorities: this he called the politician's solution. The second was aesthetic control under town - planning which he powers, thought, on the whole, had not worked at all well so far. The third was the extensive and full use of architects. He hoped that this would become the architect's answer to a baffling problem: and personally I agree with him.

But an architect as such might be expected

to appreciate both points of view—amenity and utility—and also understand how to create the former while attending to the latter. In other words, it is his proper function to look both backwards and forwards if he is out to produce what might be called 'total architecture'. Moreover, there can be design in the grouping of buildings as well as in single ones; and it has always been one of the greatest of architectural faculties to produce a unity of visual character out of what might otherwise be a collection of parts, monotonous or muddled. In throwing away aesthetic control of every sort we throw away the possibility of designing a town, or a coherent part of it. This country has a long history, notably at the time of urban estate development by the great landlords, when architects and surveyors and engineers were used to putting forward one day a design of their own for a particular work—even speculatively on occasion—and the next day co-ordinating and criticizing the designs of others in the interests of the estate as a whole. There are, after all, private and public aspects of civic architecture, just as there are of a citizen's behaviour.

The important thing is that both the small and the great design should be in the hands of those who know what they are doing. This means, in aesthetic matters, those who know how to design; and in administrative matters those who understand the true economy of the undertaking and know how to draw up a programme for the designer. Both types of landscape—the traditional and the technological—suffer from the disorders and interferences, the fakes and the clutter, that Ian Nairn and Gordon Cullen have pilloried in *Outrage*. This clutter represents not only the absence but the madly organized denial of character.

But indignation is not enough, as the authors of Counter Attack have set out to prove. Somehow or other we shall have to come to terms with the new technologies. We cannot run away from them or shut them out altogether. And we should not underrate

them. On the other hand, we have some centuries of architectural experience to draw on; and this might help us when we make a concerted attempt to treat these mechanistic landscapes and city-scapes as capable of acquiring a character that is not only human but visually moving.

My own feeling is that the first and most useful exercise is to break down the problem in terms of scale. Modern architecture has adopted the module, but has lost hold of scale. I mean scale in the medieval sense, whereby steps (the Italian word for which is scale), and mouldings, and the life-sized figures round the porches, gave a human measure to the aspiring godlike structures of vault, tower and spire with which they were contrasted. The classical orders (as many writers have pointed out) related the part to the whole but in a strictly modular fashion. A colossal temple had colossal columns, an outsize door, and a stylobate to match.

I often think that the wide appeal of Georgian and especially Regency domestic architecture is precisely its combination of scale with the module. The balusters and railings, the flat brick arches the rusticated stone, and the windows of living rooms and bedrooms, are just as modular as the actual or implied Corinthian order; but they are themselves relatively small and so they succeed in maintaining the human scale. However large the mansion, its design is comprehensible. The scale may increase to the heroic and the inconvenient—as at Blenheim Palace—but never to the supernatural.



Entrance to a tunnel for pedestrians in Broadgate, Coventry

But a good many of the mechanical structures and services of today are supernatural in this sense: the high-speed lift as compared with staircase and steps, the cooling tower, the 750-foot television mast, the exterior cladding of the U.N. Secretariat, which gives no clue, until you go inside it, of the way it relates to the human scale. These structures do not conform to a tidy aesthetic. They are in fact outside the rules regulating subtopian behaviour. Sometimes the module is repeated monotonously, without any sense of control, like a damaged gramophone record, or a filing cabinet between mirrors, endlessly recurring. Sometimes the structure is unintelligible to the ordinary observer, with no apparent relation between function and effect—like the inside of a wireless cabinet. Sometimes the dimensions are so huge that they impress the spectator without kindling any more human emotion.

At the other end of the scale are the small things—lighting standards, post-and-wire fences, distribution poles and overhead lines, television aerials, direction signs, vent pipes. Singly they make little impact on the consciousness; but as they accumulate a sort of backyard atmosphere is set up in which pride of appearance becomes awkward, unprofitable, and eventually useless. (There seems to be a psychological law by which irritation increases according to the square of the number of objects.) These are the first objectives of Counter Attack.

The complete architectural approach to this problem, however, must surely be to distinguish first of all between the near and the distant view; to humanize the small things, and—if this is impossible—camouflage them, enclose them, put them underground. In the distant view the object should be simplified as far as possible, particularly in silhouette, and given an atmospheric tone that suits its background character, leaving the sheer structure, shape or height to make its own impression.

I have a theory, which I know is not shared by everyone, that

the big electricity pylons carrying 275 kV. overhead lines can march in a purposeful way across even highly developed land-scapes, provided they tread with care; while the smaller distribution lines, particularly when combined with telephone wires, aerials, angle towers, and sub-stations, are intolerably untidy. I would rather see a great deal of care and money spent on reducing the small-scale clutter to order, by architectural and industrial design methods, and leave the great artifacts to achieve their own severe functional beauty without attempting to give them a socalled 'harmonious' character

Impact of the Motor Car

The impact of the motor car on the architectural character of towns has to be considered on its own. The penetration of the automobile to every part of every town would mean a complete surrender of character, for there is hothing so characteriess as an open car park in every street and every open space and in front, of every building. What methods are available for coping with this problem of urban traffic, which is certain to become at least twice as severe in the next ten years? The most effective solution is undoubtedly the physical separation of pedestrian and vehicular traffic at different levels. This has been suggested for Oxford Street London; and I have proposed it, in a small way, for Street, London; and I have proposed it, in a small way, for the immediate surroundings of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is also the most important feature of the redevelopment of the forty-six acres of the Barbican area, in the City of London, that the ground-floor level should be generally given over to traffic, parking, deliveries and access, and that the pedestrian ways, shop windows and counter space should be at the level of the first floor slab first-floor slab.

I believe this is a better system than sinking the roads below ground level or, in the main, elevating them on viaducts. It was obviously in Donald Gibson's thind at Coventry when he designed the pedestrian precinct on two levels. But in the adjacent Broadgate (where buses are so frequent that they conceal Lady Godiva more effectually than her hair) he has had to compromise with the existing situation by putting the pedestrians into tunnels—the only instance I can recall, with the exception of Rome, where the

But on the whole it must be agreed that the opportunities for making this separation of level are severely, limited at present. Only in the new towns, and in areas of war damage or comprehensive redevelopment, are they likely to present themselves. It is therefore extremely important that these two-level experiments should be made and that they should be carefully designed. And since a complete town system at two levels will take time to evolve and will not be appropriate everywhere, we must look to planning controls of various kinds to help reduce the frictions of space.

In spite of economic restrictions, and of roads that must con-

tinue to be all-purpose, some improvements can be achieved by methods already known to town, planners, transport boards, municipal engineers and the police, such as car parks off the main highway, zoning, road classification, phased traffic lights, parking meters and so on. They are mostly restraining influences which add nothing to the appearance of towns and create no new visual delights; nevertheless they may be essential to prevent the urban scene from losing what character it already has.

I have now come round to a closer definition of what it is that makes and mars the character, of places. It seems that character, or personality, comes partly from what one is born with and partly from one's conduct towards life and other people. In the same way our environment derives partly from the initial design of buildings and landscape and utilities, and partly from the way in which people use them. The latter includes their

attitude towards preservation and new work.

One attribute of character in places therefore depends on the imagination of architects, engineers, landscape designers, and those who initiate development. The other is part of a wider social atti-

tude, for which the designer is not directly responsible.

'Can architects cure Subtopia?' asked Eric de Maré recently at the Architectural Association: and answered No. not, that is, purely as architects, though architects could do a great deal as intelligent human beings who understand what is happening to us all. . . . And he ended by quoting Eric Gill: Art is that work and that way of working in which man uses his free

will. A civilization based upon the doctrine of free will naturally and inevitably produces artists. In such a civilization all men are artists and so there is no need to talk about it'.

OCTOBER 9 1958

I suggest that there is far too little freedom of expression, too little choice, too few opportunities for the thoughtful selection of those objects and materials, forms and methods which create design. Therefore, character is being drained away from our surroundings; and we tend to develop a sense of frustration. It is largely this sense of frustration that has led to some of the results I have tried to describe: to preservation for its own sake, to vague fears for the future, coupled with a complete lack of connection between what is demolished and what is put in its place; to loss of interest in one's surroundings; to failure to come to terms with the progressive demands of a new technology, especially the impact of the motor car on towns, and to evolve a new aesthetic to meet it; most of all, perhaps, to confusion between the objects of planning as an art, which is to create better designs for living, and the object of planning as part of social administration, which is to conserve the land resources of this country as its trustees for the future.

The replacement of the traditional craftsman by machine tools and factory production makes it really urgent to find new exercises in design and expression which will train the eye to appreciate, to discriminate, and eventually to encourage or create original work. It may very well be that the flowering time for this kind of growth in bur own century still lies ahead.—Third Programme

The annual report and accounts of the British Broadcasting Comporation for the year 1957-58 has just been published by the Stationery Office (Cmd. 533, price 8s.). It is fully illustrated and includes a comprehensive review of the B.B.C.'s television and sound broadcasting services both at home and abroad.

A New Pattern of Patronage is the title of the attractively produced A New Pattern of Patronage is the title of the attractively produced thirteenth annual report of the Arts Council published today (price 2s. 6d.). The report shows how £1,000,000 has been distributed in the year 1957-58 among 125 beneficiaries. In his introduction, the Secretary General of the Council states that 'although the scale of public subsidy for the arts is still less than it should be, the climate of opinion is more favourable than it was a decade ago'. He goes on to say that industry is taking the place of the private patron of the arts' who has now almost disappeared. The new industrial 'patrons can, he argues, constitute 'a third force of patronage' in the country.

### The Last Picnic

Before the wind and rain sweep the last traces Of summer from picnic places already spoiled Last year, or the previous year, places... Which next year, perhaps, we shall try to avoid

Trend . "and or + to the a is before

When the grass is damp and the wasps sleepy and slow, And soon after tea it already feels time to go.

And we say. There's a wind when last week we talked of a breeze-

Then collect up the flask and the ball and start for home. This is the last time we shall be likely to come To this place, till leaves or snow have hidden The spoon on the path which for weeks will not be trodden.

This place, like us, must face the winter alone, And next year's visitors may not notice how The green pool, the ferns, the track and the stone Have moved with the times and are no longer quite the same.

So we take a last look round before we go, There's bound to be something someone has left behind: There's nothing summer loses that spring won't find— But older, and living under another name.

K. W. GRANSDEN

### A Traditional Language of Symbols

#### By KATHLEEN RAINE

HEN I began, some seven years ago, to discover the extent to which the symbolism of Blake is not a personal but a traditional language, I had no idea of upsetting current critical fashion. My discovery was not, in any case, new—Yeats had been aware of all this in the eighteen-nineties—but since my pointing it out has raised an outcry, I feel bound to offer some further explanation of what I believe to be an important fact about the poetry of Blake, and of other symbolist poets—of his disciple Yeats in particular.

Expression of Metaphysical Essences

My three points are as follows: there is a traditional language of symbols, whose terms—sea and cave, tree and sleep, sun, mirror—are not so much images as words in a language, a received and common language of poetry, mythology, and philosophy. By means of this language, metaphysical essences are expressed in terms of symbolic images. There can be no serious argument about the existence of such a language, and the only question upon which critics may differ is which poets are using

it, and to what extent.

My second point is that those poets who employ this symbolic language cannot be understood without a knowledge of its terms. Here more serious opposition arises, on two counts. On the one hand, there are those who would claim that the language of symbols is not learned and traditional but natural; that it is before everything the language of the unconscious, as may be seen from the symbolic nature of dreams. Those who hold this view admit the symbolic purpose of the images but would not admit the necessity of supposing any symbolic tradition. Those who object on the second count hold that a language of symbolism, natural or traditional, in so far as it exists at all, is a hindrance more than a help towards the understanding of 'the poetry' which they claim is something directly communicated. This critical position virtually makes of poetry a language of feeling alone, dismissing intelligible content as unimportant.

But the meaning of symbolist poems cannot be fathomed by making of the critical sensibility a receptive blank; if we read as pure image what, in symbolist poetry, may be pure doctrine, we are not reading the poem at all, but another of our own invention.

It may be unpleasant to humble ourselves and to admit that we may not possess the necessary knowledge for reading with full understanding poetry like that of Blake, or Yeats, or—we begin to suspect—a great many other poets as well; but this painful truth has to be faced. These poets are assuming a language which our time does not know.

My third point is still more distasteful to modern critical opinion. It is this: implicit in the traditional language of symbolism is a view of the nature of things at the farthest possible remove from the materialist philosophies, humanist or Marxist or whatever, current at the present time. The very concept of a symbol implies an order to which the symbolic image corresponds.

The realities of imagination, of which the symbolic language is the sensible correspondence, belong to an intelligible, not a sensible, world. Those who wish to avoid thought of this kind must avoid symbolist poetry altogether, or must pretend that it is not symbolist poetry at all. One philosophy is challenged, and another affirmed, when poetry is presented not as the language of feeling or as a description of sensible events and appearances, but as what Coomaraswamy has called 'cosmic analogy'. Materialist thought can have no place for symbolist poetry, for it cannot admit the reality of that which the symbol mediates.

Let me give an example: the use of a Platonic theme by two symbolist poets, Blake and Yeats. I hope to show that neither poet can be understood without knowledge of that theme. 'The Mental Traveller', at all events, has never been adequately inter-

preted, nor, I would maintain, ever can be, except by reference to the theme and its accompanying symbols that inspired Blake in the first place. For neither in Plato, in Blake, nor in Yeats do we find any expression of personal opinion, observation, or emotion; the symbolism is objective, impersonal; it embodies doctrine or 'revealed' truth; and no amount of sincere scrutiny of 'the words on the page' will enlighten the reader who knows nothing of that doctrine and its accompanying symbols.

I claim no originality in my interpretation of Blake's poem; Yeats understood it perfectly, as we may see from the use he himself made of it. In the first edition of 'A Vision', he wrote that when he had understood 'the double cones' he also understood Blake's poem: 'The woman and the man are two conflict-

ing gyres growing at one another's expense'.

There is no mention whatever of gyres in Blake's poem: this is surely a typical instance of Yeats's explaining of the obscure by the more obscure. There is a great deal about gyres in Yeats's 'A Vision'; and in the poems that were to follow, this structure is assumed in many and explicit in not a few. But Blake's poem opens with the birth of a male babe, who is nailed to a rock by 'a woman old', tells how the babe grows from infancy to youth, from youth to age, while the 'woman old' grows younger, becoming a babe when the male child is an old man. The two figures then reverse, the female babe growing towards age and the old man towards youth, until the poem ends with a return to the initial situation and the cycle begins again.

#### A Common Source

But Yeats's comment is a real key both to Blake's poem and his own thought on the gyres. He had read Plato's Politicus, and realised that Blake had also done so. Here is the common source of that view of history that gave Yeats the basis of his thought of the perpetual alternation of contrary gyres and Blake his two figures of the man and the woman, alternately young and old, dominant and subject. History, Plato says, is a perpetual alternation of ages, according as the god Saturn controls or relinquishes the revolutions of the years:

Hear, then, Divinity himself sometimes conducts this universe in its progression, and convolves it: but at another time he remits the reins of government, when the periods of the universe have received a convenient measure of time. But the world is again spontaneously led round to things contrary ... this progression to things contrary is naturally implanted in it for the following cause

—and Plato goes on to explain that the revolutions of the world take place automatically, like a coiled spring that unwinds itself

spontaneously when it has been released.

This is the Great Year of the ancients, the original model of Yeats's gyres. But why was Yeats led to identify Blake's man and woman, alternately ageing and growing young, with the Platonic gyres? Blake, when he read Plato's Politicus, selected from the same myth different elements from which to construct his poem. At those times, Plato says, when the divine ruler leaves the earth to revolve retrograde, men advance, as now, from youth to age; but when the god is in control, mankind grows from age to youth. The literalness of Plato's imagery is no less vivid than that of Blake's poem, and it is unquestionably the source of its central image. He describes how

The white hairs of those more advanced in years then become black, and the cheeks of those that had beards become smooth; and thus each was restored to the past flower of his age. The bodies, likewise, of such as were in the bloom of youth, becoming smoother and smaller every day and night, again returning to the nature of a child, recently born; and at length, their bodies rapidly wasting away, perished.

Thus man becomes, under Saturn's golden rule, 'as a little

phase governed by the philosophy of Newton and Locke. This succession is guided by necessity, and cannot be arrested, for every idea, in its realization, creates a new situation that must lead on to its decline.

Years must have pondered this theme of Blake's for many years; for in the closing lines of 'The Resurrection' we have a superb re-statement of Blake's meaning and the best possible commen-

tary upon the earlier poem:

Historything that man estee:

Everything that man esteems.

Endures a moment or a day.

Love's pleasure drives his love away,

The painter's brush consumes his dreams;

Exhaust his glory and his might,

Whatever flames upon the night,

Whatever flames upon the sight.

Achievement of realization is, in both poems, an impulse of the spirit spent, and again, in Yeats's lines, we have that image of the deathless heart. Yeats's verse may be the finer rhetoric; yet the imaginative foundations had been laid by Blake, and Yeats has but condensed, and enhanced, the thought of 'The Mental

The processes of human history are divinely directed, Blake finally indicates, and not to be arrested or diverted—and here, again, he follows the teaching of Plato, although he employs a Hebraic symbol—the Ark that the Israelites carried in their long wanderings through history. It was Uzzah whose arm was withered when he attempted to divert the course of the shrine; and of the divine Babe, Blake writes:

For who dare touch the frowning form, His arm is withered to the root.

sacrifice of the boy-child, as a new cycle begins,

So Blake's poem comes round full-circle; its smooth, uninterrupted

Blake, curiously enough, shows less emotion than Years upon the inevitable alternation and changes of the Great Year. The Mental Traveller' flows on in its rapid, unemphatic quatrains, leading us round to the repetition of the inevitable sacrifice of the god with a sort of grave indifference:

And none can touch that frowning form Except it be a Woman Old.

She nails him down upon the Rock, And all is done as I have told,

Yeats writes that to the Muses, 'God's death is but a play, yet Blake's poem is playful, while Yeats is deeply moved and dismayed by the gyres, and what seems their impending reversal; the Christian golden era is ended, and in 'The Second Coming' the Platonic era unguided by the God is proclaimed:

Turning and turning in the widerling gyre The falcon cannot hear the falconer. Things fall apart, the centre cannot hold Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world, The blood-dimmed tide is loosed

-the tide that is, according to traditional symbolism, matter, hyle, But then Blake believed that a new Golden Age was at hand, while for Yeats a Golden Age is ending—the application of the

myth to history is far from simple.

It seems to me important that before we pass value-judgments upon poems we should at least know what they are about. Years has been, hitherto, the only commentator on Blake who has appeared to understand even the simple paraphraseable meaning of like Blake, both knew and respected the traditional language of themes extend into that imaginative region that lies beyond the traditional language of thems personality, uses his symbolic terms with knowledge of their traditional meaning and also of the metaphysical thought that lies behind this age-old symbolic terms with knowledge of that lies behind this age-old symbolic terms with knowledge of that lies behind this age-old symbolic terms with knowledge of atthe in nood and emphasis of thought, Blake and Yeats are alike in essence, salike in the metaphysical structure, as they are in the symbolic language that they so differently employ, Both poets may understand or misunderstand what they wrote according to our knowledge of, or ignorance of, that language.

sminurgord brid I-

Here we seem to have left Plato's myth, What has this sacrifice of a boy-child to do with the inception of a historical cycle? Who is the Babe, manacled to a rock like Prometheus, who wears Christ's crown of thorns, whose heart is cut out of his side? Again we find that Yeats knew the answer, and he gives us the verses that preface his play and the theme of the historic cycles, verses that preface his play and the theme of the historic cycles, 'The Resurrection', the name that Blake withheld:

I saw a stating virgin stand

She binds iron thorns around his head, She pierces both his hands and feet, She cuts his heart out at his side To make it feel both cold and heat,

child '—an idea that was likely to please Blake, whose favourite symbol of the soul's radical innocence is the child, Blake's poem begins with the sacrifice of a boy-child by a 'woman old'

I saw a stating virgin stand
Where holy Dionysus died,
And tear the heart out of his side,
And lay the heart upon her hand,
And beat that beating heart away;
And then did all the muses sing
Of Magnus Annus at the spring,
As though God's death were but a play.

Years's poem and Blake's mutually explain one another: the tearing out and preserving of the heart of Dionysus initiates, in both poems, a new revolution of the Great Year.

Years's play 'The Resurrection' gives dramatic expression to the same historical myth that is stated diagrammatically in 'A Vision'. It is inspired by Plato, In the beginning of the Christian era he saw the spring of a new Great Year. The play is constructed about a procession through the streets of Jerusalem, on the day of the Resurrection of Jesus, of a mask of Dionysus; and this mask, we are told, is an emblem of the cyclic alternation of the death and resurrection of that God:

They will cry 'God has arisen! 'through all the city, They can make their God live and die at their pleasure.

We are reminded again of the alternate phases of Blake's child.

But upon what grounds did Yeats and Blake suppose that the god Dionysus? Whence comes the image, common to both poets, of the heart torn out of the side of the child, by a woman? Yeats interpretation of the blace, and no invention or personal interpretation of symbol is involved on the part of cither poet; Thomas Taylor the Platonist, a contemporary and early friend of Blake's whose works Yeats also possessed and studied. Taylor, in an essay entitled 'A Dissertation on the Mysteries of Bleusis and Dionysus', describes the Orphic rites of Bacchus; how the goddess Juno, H's living heart is snatched away and preserved by the goddess Pauss, and from that heart the god is preserved and regenerated. Dionysus is a god who, like the goddes in Plato's myth, alternatively moves from youth to age, from age to youth; and, as in Plato, the reign of the goddess Pausa, and from that heart and, as in Plato, and from that heart and, as in Plato, and from the coddess from age of the goddess Pausa, and from that heart the godden age of sourth; and, as in Plato, the reign of the god in preserved and regenerated.

Dionysus and the Soul

The child Dionysus is the exemplar of the youth of the soul; and Blake has made of the other gyre a female child body, or matter, whose dominance alternates with spirit, or soul; for, to quote Taylor again, 'when the body with which a soul is connected is beautiful and young, then the soul is oppressed and its vigour diminished; but when this grows old, the soul revives, and increases in strength and vigour'. This is the key to the real meaning of Plato's fable; the principle that grows from age to youth is the soul, or intellect, waxing as body wance.

In Years's play the undying heart of Dionysus beats in the resurrected Christ. At the climax of the play it is, significantly, a Greek who presses his hand to the side of the risen Christ and creek who presses his hantom is beating,—a phantom, according to the Platonic philosophy, being, of course, a material existence. The Mental Traveller 'follows the successive rise, flowering, and decadence, first of a civilization based upon the spiritual master rise and decine of a materialist civilization, a scientific similar rise and decline of a materialist civilization, a scientific

figures in the conflicts

between Church and

State; layman and cleric,

in those early centuries

of parliament were

canonized within a few years of their deaths.

Pwb were archbishops of Ganterbury, St. Anselm and St. Thomas

Becket; the third was St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln. The fact of

their canonization created

a demand for personal memoirs of these men by

those who had been their

companions, and thus

stimulated the composi-

tion of biographies by

### Bishops and Kings

The first of two talks by ENOCH POWELL, M.P. adi oni mending and also of the se

ELATIONS between the two Houses of Parliament have been a matter of practical concern to politicians, and a matter of interest to students, for a long time past. Indeed, I suppose that from the first moment when representatives of the shires and the towns were summoned to parliament, the problem of the relationship between Lords and Commons and the prospect of conflict was implicit. The problem took on a new and sharper form a century or so ago with the

reform of the electoral system and the disappearance of the old machinery of patronage, which had hitherto helped to keep the two houses in harmony. The battles of 1910 and 1911 are within living memory; in a sense the Life Peerages Act of a few months ago is one of the reverberations of that conflict, and I dare say by no means the last.

But the Lords themselves have not always been a single house. In fact right from the beginning, long before representatives of the Commons began to be summoned to parliament,

and for a good while after the presence of the Commons was normal, the Lords invariably separated for deliberation into two houses—if I may use the term 'house', which conveys a perfectly accurate meaning, though it was never used by contemporaries. The laity, that is the earls and barons, formed one

house; and the clergy, that is the bishops and abbots, the other. Of course they assembled together in the presence of the King as and when necessary, just as today the Commons go to join the Lords in the parliament chamber at the beginning and close of sessions or to hear the Royal Assent; and communication between them was maintained, as it is today between Lords and Commons, by messages, deputations and conferences.

All of them, cleric or layman, would no doubt say that they were there in parliament for the same reason. The bishops and the abbots, no less than the earls and the barons, were there because they held their lands as direct feudal tenants of the King and acknowledged thereby the duty not only to support him in war and at certain other times, but. to assemble to give him counsel at his summons. Nevertheless, there was a pro-found gulf between the lay barons and the clerical barons; for the clerics did not and could not put off the marks of their sacred order, the privileges and rights of the Church and the priesthood, nor their spiritual allegiance to a law and an authority which was not that of the King or the realm. Thus different in St. Hugh of Lincoln; from a fourteenth-century Ms. be settled by the King's Great Council of

their situation in society, it was but natural that the lay and the clerical elements in the feudal parliament should each consult separately before they came together to give, as best they might, common counsel? and common assent? This polarization of the medieval parliament into lay and clerical is not without a certain relevance for our own day, of which I shall say something later. It has, however, a curious by-product which provides us with some unexpected historical insights. \* ! No fewer than three of the leading clerical

Ich melut encemante rece erconer ( mentum magnif regu a planterior to et puttif multa oriera

Two illustrations from a thirteenth-century French Ms. on the life of St. Thomas Becket: the saint (left) excommunicating his enemies, and (right) arguing with King Henry II and King Louis VII of France

their chaplains and clerics and secured their circulation and survival. The attendants of the archbishops and bishops, though they did not accompany them into the full assembly of parliament in the King's presence, were evidently present with them in the separate sessions of the clergy where the Archbishop of Canterbury normally presided. Hence it

comes about that at three great parliamentary moments of stress and conflict we have eye-witness accounts of what was done and said in the clerical house. One has to wait for several conturies before again getting such vivid and detailed accounts of transactions in parlia-

a monk called Eadmer, who belonged to the cathedral priory of Canterbury and became the close and faithful companion and eventually the biographer of Archbishop Anselm, the Italian who was called from a monastery in Normandy to be Archbishop of Canterbury when William Rufus was King. Almost from the beginning Anselm had found himself in conflict with Rufus. There were two rival popes at that moment and the King had not decided which of them he would recognize. Anselm, on the other hand, had already recognized Pope Urban before becoming Archbishop, and he demanded that he should be allowed to go, as was customary, to Rome and receive the pallium or archbishop's robe from



the prelates and barons whether or not his duty to go to Rome was reconcilable with his duty to obey the King. So it came about that the King and his council assembled in February 1095 in the

chapel of the royal castle at Rockingham.

We do not know how the sittings were arranged, but from Eadmer's description it looks as though the prelates deliberated in the nave and the laity in the chancel, and that the joint sessions with the King took place in the chancel. Eadmer describes how at the first meeting—early on a Sunday morning—Anselm explained to the bishops the nature of the conflict between himself and the King and asked their views. They declined to give them, but offered to report to the King the position as he had stated it to them; and this they did. Next day Anselm again attempted to take the views of the bishops, and when they declined to give him any advice conflicting with the King's wishes he appealed to the scriptural precept 'Render unto Caesar', declaring that he would fulfil his duty to the See of Rome no less than his duty in earthly matters to the King.

#### Conflict between Church and State

This reply the bishops refused to take in; so Anselm himself went with them into the other chamber but came outside again immediately he had delivered his reply with his own lips. We have a vivid little picture of the debate going on inside while Anselm sat alone outside and, says Eadmer, since the discussions were protracted, leaned back against the wall and dozed off. He was awakened by the bishops coming out again with the peremptory demand of the King that the Archbishop should take his decision one way or the other; and they urged him not to regard himself as under any obligation to Pope Urban, but to avoid a head-on conflict between the Church in England and the King. 'This', they ended, 'is our request, this is our advice, and this is what we consider to be necessary alike for yourself and for the Church'. Anselm's only reply was to point out that it was getting late and to request adjournment till the morrow. After three days' debate a truce for further consideration on either side was agreed between Rufus and Anselm. Before it ran out a compromise had been arranged, though this was to prove only temporary.

Far more famous and known to us of course in far greater detail is the clash some seventy years later between Thomas Becket and Henry II. The issue in this case had been the question whether churchmen should be dealt with by the courts of the Church or the courts of the land: it turned, in other words, on the definition and extent of what we call 'benefit of clergy'. In 1164 the King, who had evidently made up his mind that Becket was impossible, decided to turn the tables on the Archbishop. He arranged an appeal from the Archbishop's court to his own and, when the Archbishop failed to answer, called a Great Council at which he was clearly bent not merely on securing a verdict against

the Archbishop but upon ruining him.

The scene of the assembly was the royal castle at Northampton, the site of which is now occupied by the railway station which takes its name from it. We have the accounts of two chaplains, both of whom were in attendance on Becket, as well as several others which evidently contain authentic details. From these an accurate picture of the arrangements can be reconstructed. The climax came on the sixth day of the council. During the previous three days Becket had stayed in his own lodging at St. Andrew's Priory. Indeed, on the previous day he had been laid low with a sudden illness. On the morning of Tuesday, October 13, however, he rose and declared his intention of going to the council. When he celebrated Mass it was noticed that he said not the rite for the day but the Mass of St. Stephen, the Church's first martyr. The words of the psalm 'Princes did sit and speak against me; but thy servant did meditate in thy statutes 'as well as the Gospel had an obvious application to current events. His intention had then been to go to the council as he was, in full sacramental vestments, barefoot and carrying his cross. But he was persuaded by his companions with some difficulty to relinquish this purpose. He rode in therefore through the castle gate and across the yard to the door of the great hall where he and his chaplains dismounted and left their horses. Then, to everyone's astonishment, he seized the cross from his crucifer, a Welshman, and proceeded to enter carrying it himself, a most irregular action.

One of the clergy standing by said to the Bishop of London: 'How can you allow the Archbishop to carry his own cross?', to which London (who was no friend of Becket's) rejoined: 'My good sir, he always was a fool and always will be'.

At the far end of the great hall were two apartments, one on the ground floor, the other above it. The lower was reserved as a place of sitting for the prelates, the upper was occupied by the King and the lay barons. Becket therefore proceeded to his place in the lower chamber and sat there cross in hand, his two chaplains at his side and the prelates duly ranged in order on the benches. Presently the summons came to attend the King upstairs. Becket did not go with them but remained sitting solitary downstairs, for while he obeyed the King's order to attend he repudiated the competence of the council to judge him. Just as the prelates were disappearing upstairs, a late arrival brought up the rear; it was the Archbishop of York who, we are told, arranged to come late for two reasons: first, in order to attract more attention; and, secondly, to make it clear that he was not privy to the business against Becket.

As time passed, tension mounted and angry voices could be heard from the upper chamber. Twice deputations came down to the Archbishop. The first consisted of a number of earls and barons who enquired whether in fact he had appealed to Rome over the King's head. On his confirming that he had done so, some of them withdrew in silence while others, in a tone which they took care should be loud enough to be overheard, recalled to one another various brutalities which Norman kings had perpetrated upon contumacious clergy. On the second occasion, the bishops came down and endeavoured to no purpose to shake the Archbishop's determination. At last a decision was arrived at in the upper room. The prelates, in order not to have part in pronouncing sentence on their metropolitan, whose appeal to the Pope was already lodged, withdrew and resumed their seats downstairs, and presently the lay barons descended to announce the sentence to the Archbishop.

#### Becket's Escape to France

No one was anxious to have this task; but eventually the senior earl, the Earl of Leicester, was pushed forward and embarked upon a lengthy rehearsal of the antecedents of the case. Just as he was getting to the critical point, the Archbishop started up with the words 'You cannot judge me who am your Father. You are but courtiers, lay powers, secular personages! I will not hear your judgment'. Then, with his cross still in his hands, he made for the door, and before anyone could stop him, had passed out again into the great hall, where, in his haste, he tripped over a bundle of firewood and barely avoided falling. Through the crowd and the jeering he got to the doorway and on to his horse, but in the throng outside, one of his chaplains could not reach his own mount and so got up behind the Archbishop. Then came another hitch: the castle gate was locked and the porter engaged in a private scuffle with someone. However, one of the Archbishop's companions seized the bunch of keys and by good luck thrust the right one into the lock. So the Archbishop, 'with some difficulty', as the narrative goes, 'managing his horse, holding his cross and blessing the crowd', made his way back to his lodging at St. Andrew's. Before the following dawn he had left Northampton with three companions and within a fortnight made his way to France and began the exile from which he returned only to martyrdom.

The authenticity of the details is unmistakable: we see the recognizable types of human behaviour; the strange mixture of histrionics and heroism in the Archbishop, the interplay of comedy and tragedy, homely incident and grand drama, within the setting of the insoluble conflict. Of the two houses we never actually see that one—the upper chamber—in which the judicial action takes place. The King himself, surrounded by the lay and clerical members of his council, remains out of our view, because out of the view of the two chaplains through whose eyes we are seeing. It is like a scene in the theatre where the material action takes place offstage and is only reflected to us by the characters on the scene. Yet somehow the dilemma of King and Archbishop, the conflict between necessity of state and necessity of conscience, seems to come out all the clearer.—Third Programme

### Taking Viruses to Pieces

By R. J. C. HARRIS

IRUSES are small, infectious organisms that cause many diseases, not only of animals and man but also of plants, and even of bacteria. They are smaller than bacteria, but unlike bacteria they can only multiply when they are within the living cells of a host. In size they range from a millionth of a centimetre to twenty or thirty times as much. Indeed some plant viruses are actually smaller than some protein molecules but, on the other hand, some of the larger viruses are larger than some free-living organisms.

#### Diseases in Plants

The first viruses to be discovered were those that produce diseases in plants. Tobacco mosaic virus has been a favourite for scientific investigation and it was the first to be purified and studied chemically. The single virus particle, actually a submicroscopic crystal, is roughly fifteen millionths of a centimetre across and twenty times as long. That means that, lying side by side, more than a million would lie on the head of a pin. The little rods contain no internal water and have only two chemical components, protein and nucleic acid. Being without water it is difficult to see how they could have a life of their own and they are obliged to live as parasites in other hosts.

We want to know how viruses get into the cells they infect. Once they are inside, we want to know how they interfere with the internal composition of the cell, because sometimes this interference is catastrophic. The organization of the cell is disrupted, and the apparatus that maintains it may be totally turned over to the manufacture of virus. Sometimes the interference is less profound, and the cell retains some of its normal functions but, at the same time, makes virus and releases it, at a comparatively slow rate, to infect other cells. Different viruses turn the infected cell into a cancer cell, but as yet there is no evidence that such viruses play any direct role in the causation of human cancer.

One particularly favourable way of studying the interaction of viruses and cells is to see what happens when viruses invade bacteria. The host cells—the bacteria—can be grown under constant and reproducible conditions. The virus and the bacterium can be distinguished up to the entrance of the virus into the cells and again following the disruption of the bacteria and the liberation of progeny virus. In recent years biochemistry and electron microscopy have combined to give a remarkably clear picture of the way in which one of these viruses, called T<sub>2</sub>, gets into the bacterial cell and what happens afterwards.

The bacterial virus is really a tiny syringe—a microsyringe. Its minute hexagonal head has a protein coat and, like the kernel in a nut, a core of nucleic acid. Attached to the hexagonal head is a 'tail' and at the end of the 'tail' what can only be described, from the bacterial point of view anyway, as the 'sting'. With the aid of the electron microscope—because these viruses are too small to be visible at all in the ordinary microscope—it is possible to reconstruct the drama. The virus attacks the bacterium tail-first and the 'sting' digs into the outer wall. At the point of contact a chemical reaction occurs and the wall is breached. Most, if not all, of the outer protein shell remains behind and the nucleic acid, the kernel of the nut, somehow makes its way down the hollow tail and into the bacterium. The empty protein shell hangs like a deflated balloon from the outer wall of the bacterium. But, once inside the defences, the nucleic acid kernel really gets to work. The internal economy is overthrown, the cell's resources are diverted into different channels and, within the space of only a few minutes, the substance of the bacterium has been converted into virus, which is liberated as the cell bursts. The kernel nucleic acid has brought about not only the synthesis of more material like itself but it has also arranged for this to be put up in the

right protein package and equipped with the right kind of tail. All viruses have not got tube-like 'tails' down which the key material can be pumped. We do not even know whether it is usual for only part of a virus to get inside the cell, and it is more than likely that, in the course of virus evolution, a variety of ways has been adopted.

Within the last three years, it has become possible to remove the protein part of some viruses by chemical means and to bring about the infection of host cells with the naked nucleic acid alone. At present this is not an efficient process because the nucleic acid thus produced is unstable and the infectivity of the preparations is low compared with that of the untreated virus.

The virus that produces mosaic disease of tobacco is about twenty times as long as it is wide, and the nucleic acid runs like a thread down the centre of a protein tube. Dr. Gierer and Dr. Schramm in Germany, and Dr. Fraenkel-Conrat in the United States showed, almost simultaneously, that it was possible to remove this protein tube chemically and to leave the nucleic acid thread intact. So long as the thread was not broken the nucleic acid alone would transmit the disease and, just as in the bacterial virus story, the new virus produced was turned out complete with the right protein overcoat. Moreover, chemically separated protein and nucleic acid could be recombined in the test-tube to give reconstituted and stable virus, indistinguishable from the original material.

Already, reports are appearing confirming the observations of Gierer and Schramm and of Fraenkel-Conrat and extending them to other viruses. One method of studying animal viruses without using the whole animal is to use cultures of the virus-susceptible cells. In this way polio virus for the production of vaccine is multiplied in monkey kidney cells, and foot-and-mouth disease virus may be studied in pig kidney tissue cultures. Both polio and foot-and-mouth disease viruses have been chemically treated in the same way as tobacco mosaic virus and in both cases the nucleic acid was infective.

There are still problems, of course. It is not yet clear, for example, whether in some of these cases a little of the intact virus might not have escaped the chemical degradation and slipped through, as it were. Those who have studied the plant viruses have been able to start with highly purified material, but for those who have used animal virus infections of cultured cells there also remains the possibility that the infectious nucleic acid may not all come from the virus. Some may come from a component of the infected cell which is not virus—or perhaps not yet virus. The ingenious work on which Dr. Kingsley Sanders and his colleagues are at present engaged at the London School of Hygiene will, we hope, soon clear up some of these points.

#### Hindering Invasion?

The conquest of bacterial disease has come partly fortuitously; for example, in the discovery of penicillin, and partly from increased knowledge of bacterial behaviour, whereby it is possible to design drugs to poison the invading bacteria without damaging the host. The conquest of virus diseases may come fortuitously too, but increasing knowledge of the behaviour of viruses may lead to the discovery of ways in which the prerequisite invasion of the host's cell may be hindered.

At the moment we have no drugs that will kill viruses. We try to increase the resistance of the individual by previous vaccine treatment so that when the infection comes along the viruses are neutralized before they have a chance to produce the disease. The new knowledge obtained by taking viruses to pieces may ultimately enable us to produce made-to-measure mutant viruses which will be far more potent as vaccines than some of those which are available today.

-From a talk in 'Science Survey' (Network Three)

### **NEWS DIARY**

#### October 1-7

#### Wednesday, October 1

First stage of British plan for Cyprus is put into effect

King Hussein of Jordan announces that withdrawal of British troops from his country will start on October 20

Mrs. Barbara Castle is elected new Chairman of the Labour Party

#### Thursday, October 2

Labour Party Conference rejects resolution that next Labour Government should unilaterally stop manufacture and testing of nuclear weapons

Nearly 3,000,000 engineering workers to receive an increase in wages of 4 per cent.

New Republic of Guinea in West Africa proclaimed

Death of Dr. Marie Stopes, pioneer advocate of birth control

#### Friday, October 3

A British woman is murdered by terrorists in Cyprus and another seriously wounded

General de Gaulle announces a five-year plan for Algeria

British protests to Iceland over series of incidents involving our trawlers

Death of Dr. G. K. A. Bell, former Bishop of Chichester, aged seventy-five

#### Saturday, October 4

Day and night curfew imposed in main towns of Cyprus

Heavy rain causes floods in the west country

#### Sunday, October 5

Chinese Government orders one week's suspension of bombardment of Quemoy and suggests direct talks with Formosan leaders

Mr. Khrushchev again warns United States against attacking China

The American press acclaims the triumph of the Comet IV

#### Monday, October 6

Pope Pius XII taken gravely ill at the age of eighty-two

United States welcomes Peking Government's decision to suspend bombardment of Quemoy

American nuclear-powered submarine 'Sea Wolf' surfaces after sixty days under water

#### Tuesday, October 7

Chancellor of the Exchequer calls for fifty per cent. increase by member countries in subscriptions to the International Monetary Fund

Wage increase granted to certain shipyard workers

Chinese Nationalists deliver substantial supplies to the off-shore islands



A group of Greek Cypriot youths photographed after being treated for injuries at a hospital in Famagusta on October 4. They allege that they were roughly handled during the big round-up by security forces which followed the murder last week by terrorists of the wife of a British soldier



A statue of Pocahontas, a present from the people of Virginia, after its unveiling in the grounds of St. George's Chapel of Unity, Gravesend, last Sunday. On the right, with Lord Hailsham, is Mr. John Battle, Governor of Virginia, who performed the ceremony. Pocahontas was a North American Indian who married one of the first English settlers, John Rolfe, and in 1617 was buried in the chapel

Right: floodwaters stretching for thousands of acres round Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, last week-end after several days of continuous rain in the west country



President

The opening of the first regular transaction and the crossing in the other direction in the





k (centre) discussing the situation concerning Quemoy and the other off-shore islands at a news conference in Formosa last week



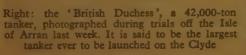
General de Gaulle being greeted by Muslim supporters on his arrival at Orléansville airport, on October 2, during his two-day visit to Algeria. In a speech at Constantine the next day the General announced a five-year plan for Algeria and said that elections would be held within two months



liner service: a Comet IV of British Overseas New York. A second Comet simultaneously made six hours, twelve minutes. It is hoped to start a ext month



Princess Margaret taking a ride in an overhead observation car at the Brussels Exhibition last week. Her Royal Highness was paying a private visit to the Belgian capital and made several visits to the exhibition





Party Political Broadcast

### The Conservative Case against Labour

By the Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT HAILSHAM, Q.C., Lord President of the Council and Chairman of the Conservative Party Organization

OU'VE got to admit that there's no fun like looking over the garden fence. On the other hand, as it's considered bad form to come right into your neighbour's garden, I wasn't actually able to visit Scarborough this week\*, even as a sort of fraternal enemy. Had I done so, I could not have refrained—if I can borrow Mr. Gaitskell's happy turn of phrase—from pointing out the contrast between the fortunes of our two parties this autumn and last time the party conference season came round. So this broadcast is the nearest I can get.

'Last year, comrades', I'd have had to tell the Labour delegates, 'the fortunes of the Conservative Party seemed at a pretty low ebb; at that time it was quite hard to find a single person who'd say a good word for us, but this year the boot's on the other foot. It's you socialists who are in disarray and feeling pretty glum; and it's you after whom the critics are chasing in full cry. On the other hand, we tories have staged a come-back. Everybody is saying now that we're going to win. Now, how does this happen? Is it something clever that's been done by Conservative Central Office—that much maligned and mysterious organization of less than 200 people, over which I preside? Is it the fault of your propaganda machine? Can it be cured, as one delegate seemed to think, by saying more often and more emphatically what your leaders have said already, but without result?'

Well, no; flattering as this explanation may be to me and to the Central Office, I'm sorry to confess that there's nothing in it. There is nothing clever that we've done or said, unless saying patiently what you really believe to be true and right can be called clever. And socialist propaganda isn't all that bad. 'You', I would have told them, 'have financial advantages, like the political levy, which we can't command. Amongst your members you have quite a number of writers and speakers of very considerable professional skill'.

At this point, however, I should have been bound to let them into a secret; parties don't become unpopular because their propaganda is inferior. They become unpopular because people don't like their policies or else distrust their leaders. This is, in fact, why the Conservative Party was unpopular last year. People didn't like our policies, or else they really believed that those policies were vacillating and weak and really thought that our leaders were lurching about from crisis to crisis without a clear knowledge of where they were going.

Rightly or wrongly, people no longer believe that now; they've come to think that what they mistook for weakness was in fact moderation. They've come to recognize that for many of the problems which we have to face there is no quick or easy solution, and they've come to see that the policies we've been applying, unpleasant as some of them were, were fairly chosen to match the situation, and

have begun to show pretty considerable results.

Of course I should be the last to equate unpopularity with being wrong. Last year, when we were unpopular, I thought we were right and I said so, and of course it by no means follows that this year the Labour Party is wrong simply because it's running through such a bad patch in public relations. But there is, I believe, this difference between this year and last: last year people were criticizing us for not living up to our principles; or else they didn't believe that we had any principles to live up to. But this year by far the most damaging criticism of the Labour Party is the belief which people have got, rightly or wrongly, that they know perfectly well what socialist principles are and just don't want them applied in Britain.

For the decisive factor has, I believe, been that, in the last twelve months, the present Cabinet, under the chairmanship of the Prime Minister, has been able to recover the vital, central ground in national politics. It's this moral vantage point which, at least in my judgment, enables a political party to win the sympathy of the uncommitted man and woman in Britain.

There are some people who think that the great mass of men and women in Britain are quite uninterested in politics, and tend to despise politicians. I've never found this is true. What is true is that many people are bored to tears, and perfectly rightly, with a very great deal of what has come to pass as current coin in the ordinary run of political propaganda. All this personal abuse and insult isn't a bad example; I don't, for instance, think that one person in a hundred, perhaps not even one in a thousand, seriously thinks that Mr. Macmillan is guilty of 'nauseating hypocrisy': the offensive phrase, you'll remember, that the Leader of the Opposition used about him in Scarborough this week, I don't think that one in ten thousand will endorse Mr. Driberg's charge that Conservatives entertain a philosophy similar to that of the Herrenvolk ideas, against which so many of us, of all political persuasions, fought and suffered during the seven terrible years of the war. This is the sort of rubbish which only brings politics and politicians into disrepute, and serves only to damage the reputations and spoil the electoral chances of those who utter them.

But I'd go a little further than this: I'd go so far as to say that people in this country are becoming extremely distrustful of well-worn, violently expressed, doctrinaire political ideas. The British people are, I'm convinced, profoundly suspicious of bigots—political as well as religious. They tend to remember that most of the really evil actions in this and in previous centuries have often been justified in terms of plausible well-worn ideologies, as they've come to be called, held by just such fanatics as these. And people tend to reflect that such ideologies are apt, at the best, to correspond with only part of the truth; or, at worst, to be based on a distortion of some imperfectly understood

aspect of past experience. I believe that the public is really hungry for a race of politicians which ranks common sense and common decency as important political principles and seasons its policies with compassion and its speeches with a sense of humour. I believe, furthermore, that people had begun to believe that they'd found such a race of politicians in the present Conservative Cabinet.

For one thing which emerges from Scarborough is, I fear, that the Labour Party is not a party of moderates; it is, in fact, a party of doctrinaires, committed to a false set of principles. The extreme wing would wish to apply those principles absolutely and the so-called moderate wing is shocked, not at the principles themselves but at the disastrous consequences of putting them into effect and (like Mr. Tom Williams, in the agricultural debate) at the howl of execration which would undoubtedly accompany any attempt to do so. But the result has been, not to alter the policy in its essentials but to cover it up. This has been proved in all the departments of public affairs-nationalization, agriculture, education, finance, and foreign policy. It was also shown in the ludicrous but highly instructive case of the treatment of Mrs. Barbara Castle.

But they've also lost nothing of their inability to see the other point of view. A rather laughable example of this was Mr. Harold Wilson's ingenious but ridiculous variant of 'big-brotherism'. All through this year of desperate, but, in the end, successful struggle against inflation, the Labour Party has been committed to a policy which, rightly or wrongly, we regard as ruinous. It would have consisted of higher expenditure, increased taxes, and physical controls. Of course we may be wrong in thinking that policy mistaken. But Mr. Harold Wilson invented the strange idea that to say so is anti-British. With that curious persecution complex which sometimes comes over socialists, he seems to think that somewhere in the world there's a mysterious group of financiers so obsessed with politics that they'll take their money out of this country at a wink or a nod from Lord Hailsham. So, thinks brother Wilson, Lord Hailsham must be muzzled.

But, Mr. Wilson, this is really the negation of democracy. Let's get this clear once and for all. If I think your policy is ruinous, I'm going to say so. And, by the way, you can calm your fears. If international traders think your policies are sound they'll jostle one another to invest, whatever your politics or mine. But if they think, as I do, that they're phoney, not all the controls in the world will restore the confidence which you have undermined.

But there is, I believe, another reason why the Conservative Party has gained in popularity in the past year. Hard times have taught us to work as a team: a team in the Cabinet, a team in parliament, a team in the country. Tonight I want to make the bold experiment of inviting

you to join this team and telling you how you can do it. You can do it very easily by lending your support to the campaign known as Roll Call for Victory.

My great anxiety for the past weeks has been that all this new-found popularity for the Conservative Party may breed complacency in our ranks, and if it does you may be quite certain that it will go as quickly as it came. One answer to this danger lies in what I hope will be the success of our coming party conference. Last year it was my hard experience to accept the chairmanship of the party, at a time when the immediate need was to re-establish its fighting spirit and confidence in its principles and leadership. I believe that that phase is now over. This conference will, I hope, be the beginning of phase two; the outlining of a new set of con-

structive measures which should point the direction for what, I trust, will be the next seven years of Conservative government.

It isn't for me to anticipate what will be said then. Obviously we shall be looking over the whole range of party policy, including those departments like foreign affairs and finance where the immediate future must continue to predominate in our minds. But as each ministerial speech is made by one of my colleagues on each general aspect, I shall hope that he'll lift the curtain a little to show, in a whole series of separate fields, the general direction which we think that things ought to take.

But the second and perhaps the decisive answer to complacency is the success of Roll Call for Victory, and this is where you come in. All you've got to do is to get in touch with your local Conservative Association and sign the declaration which will be given you. It doesn't matter, whether you've previously been associated with us or not. All that is required is a declaration that you're a Conservative, that you believe in freedom and opportunity, and that you're opposed to the creation of a socialist state in Britain. On the back of the form is a brief description of the ways in which you can help us, even if you have no previous experience.

This campaign is not simply a stunt. It's a serious experiment in trying to make democracy work, by joining in a team spirit all who are prepared to give their time and enthusiasm towards the prevention of socialism in this country, and the realization of our ideal of a united nation in which freedom and opportunity can flourish as they justly should.

### Growing Bulbous Irises

By F. H. STREETER

ULBOUS irises are a great standby when many other bulbs are finished. Those lovely Spanish irises—Iris xiphium—for instance: once planted and left alone these come up year after year. They are no trouble and can be cut for the house to the last flower. Their prevailing colours are blue, with different shades of purple or violet, yellow and white.

Always plant them in a sheltered spot where they can get the sun. Although they are not particular, the soil should be well drained and they will repay for a dressing with leaf-soil forked into the ground. Do this in the autumn because the new shoots start growing early. You would think the frosts and cold winds would cut them off, but there is no need to worry; the flowers come every year. What bulbs they are, too, for all the new housing-estate gardens; and they are one of the cheapest bulbs to buy.



Iris reticulata

A fairly new race of bulbous irises are known as Dutch irises. They flower in May-that is before the Spanish iris—and they are larger, with bolder and more handsome flowers. They are vigorous and multiply readily. There are many lovely varieties-Wedgwood, White Excelsior, Lemon Queen, Harmony or King Mauve. Following, in late June, comes the English iris, xiphioides. This is a larger flower with a stronger stem than the Spanish iris. It lasts well when cut, and is a perfect house flower. It was sent over from the Pyrenees to the west country, and from there to Holland. The Dutch, thinking it was a native of England, called it the English iris. Today there are plenty of named varieties to choose from, such as Coombelands, Delft Blue, Emperor, Mauve Queen, with colours to suit all tastes. They are easily cultivated, cheap, and once planted they go on for years undisturbed.

Of all the lovely irises one called reticulata, the netted iris, is charming in any garden, even if you have only one small patch of, say, a dozen or so bulbs. To see this in flower in February and March, peeping up through the snow and standing up to

bitter weather, is a triumph of plant life. First, you notice the little green leaves, followed by lovely flowers of violet and gold. Its native home is Palestine and the Caucasus. These irises need rather light soil, such as leaf soil and coarse sand, and it is also advisable to place a four-inch-high zinc collar round the groups because slugs like the leaves and flowers. A ring of soot outside the zinc will provide ample protection.

There are several varieties of iris reticulata: Krelagei, with flowers of a purple-plum colour; cyanea, bright in colour, a slaty blue; dwarf and sophonensis with red-purple flowers and a bold crest. There are also many beautiful hybrids.

As irises flower before the leaves grow tall



Dutch irises

they make good pot plants, and a well-grown clump is a charming addition to the table at about Christmas time. Plant five bulbs in a sixinch pot in September or October, in a compost of two-thirds fibrous loam, one-third leaf mould and sand.

The autumn-flowering iris alata—the scorpion iris—can also be grown in a pot. It has fine, large blossoms, the ground colour being a delicate lilac-blue with showy blotches of bright yellow spotted with a darker colour. The leaves appear with the flowers and they look like those of a leek. They are easy to grow in a warm, dry, sunny border, and can be planted in the autumn in ordinary garden soil.—Network Three

### New Films from Abroad

#### DILYS POWELL reflects on the Edinburgh film festival

T is a good thing to wait a while before making judgments about a film festival. It gives one's memory a chance to get rid of the clutter: the inferior cartoons, the well-meaning documentaries, all those films about how to make something or other which you do not want. After a week or two I find certain films float to the surface of my mind and stay there: not necessarily good films, but at any rate films with some interest.

Looking back now I can say that the Edinburgh Festival this year, though it contained a great deal of commonplace stuff, did have some interesting things to offer. Nothing, perhaps, which gave one the same shock as Kanal last year. But last year was exceptional, with not only Kanal but also Cabiria, and that repulsive Seventh Seal which everyone liked so much.

The first film which comes to my mind was made by the director of The Seventh Seal, Ingmar Bergman: it is called Wild Strawberries. Once again Ingmar Bergman explores the problems of human responsibility and human solitude. An old man wakes from a terrible dream: he has been brought face to face with his own dead body in his own coffin; for the rest of the day his memory plays him tricks, reminds him of his past life and his failures in human relationships. Wild Strawberries is a much more reconciled film than most of Bergman's. The old man is revealed as having been a very cold fish; but at the end of the day he softens, begins to come alive. Yet the story is full of threats: threats of judgment, threats of death; Ingmar Bergman has an extraordinary gift for exploring the borderland between the real and the symbolic, for giving the shapes of the imagination a concrete form.

The film has a wonderful performance by a famous old actor, whom a good many of us probably know better as a director: Victor Sjöström, who made a celebrated silent film of Selma Lagerlöf's Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness.

As usual at Edinburgh, the cinema of eastern

Europe was strongly represented. I liked very much a Russian film, directed by Grigory Roshal, called *The Sisters*. This is the first part of a trilogy based on Alexei Tolstoy's novel *Ordeal*. It is a story of the first world war and the beginning of the Russian revolution. It is



Spencer Tracy in the American film of Ernest Hemingway's The Old Man of the Sea

in colour. What is interesting is that though the chief characters belong to a well-to-do bourgeois family they are treated with sympathy. Some of them prepare to resist the revolution, some are eager to join it; neither side is censured, There is a terrible scene in which a well-meaning booby, elevated by the first upheaval in 1917, is haranguing a vast crowd of soldiers; he tells them they must go on fighting and win the war.

The men look at him sullenly, then suspiciously: suddenly they turn on him; he is dragged down, he vanishes in a great sea of murderous fists. In the revolutionary Russian film of twenty or thirty years ago the moral would have been: serve him right. But now we are allowed to feel pity for him. He did not understand the forces which he had helped to let loose.

It is not only in Russia that a new spirit seems to be stirring in the cinema. This year, in sharp contrast with last year's Kanal, Poland sent a satirical comedy called Eva Wants to Sleep. A rather unpromising title: one has visions of hearty domestic comedy about housing. But no: this is satire, and satire aimed first of all at the cherished institution of the police.

A young girl arrives in the city: the students' hostel has not opened yet; as she wanders through the streets she is befriended first by a would-be thief who cannot make the grade, and second by a handsome policeman who takes her to the police station. The rest of it is a riot, an impudent rattle of jokes about street-walkers, safe-crackers, and an asinine bureaucrat of a police inspector who cannot see what is going on under his own nose. The whole thing is done with an irreverence and abandon which reminded me now and then of the early René Clair.

One has begun to think about the Hungarian cinema, too, in the last few years. Edinburgh showed us a love story by János Herskó: The Iron Flower. The setting is Budapest before the war, the lovers are a young man without a job and a girl working in a laundry for an employer who ends by seducing her. Some of us have seen the actress before: she was the peasant girl in Merry-Go-Round. She has a kind of autumnal gaiety which is well suited to the new film with its story of defeated love: not a major film, but a graceful, minor one.

In fact, Edinburgh this year was noted more for minor than for major films: not that I saw everything, one could not hope to do that; but I did see a representative selection. A rather



Scenes from (above) the Swedish film Wild Strawberries, with Victor Sjöström; and (right) the Polish film Eva Wants to Sleep



heavy comedy from East Germany: a wry. moral tale from Czechoslovakia; a Resistance story from France; some light comedy from Italy—but at least one of the Italian films, An Acre of Paradise, was by a new director, Aglauco Casadio. The setting is the marshlands, the central figure is an impudent young cheap-jack, who tells the peasants a fantastic tale about buying a place in heaven and to his horror finds them taking him seriously: again, nothing important, but a graceful story told gracefully, and with a sympathetic performance by Marcello Mastroianni. The great de Sica turned up in another comedy. The Doctor and the Ouack: more simple peasants, more trickery: agreeably entertaining, and I shall remember a splendid comic performance by Alberto Sordi as a nogooder from the city.

The English-speaking cinema did not figure largely at Edinburgh this year, except in the way of short films: there were plenty of those, good and bad. The British sent only one feature film, which is already running in London. However, the Americans stumped up with The Old Man and the Sea, a version of Ernest Hemingway's book directed by John Sturges. I did not find many people who admired this, but I did admire it. Not that it is a success. It tries an experiment. A voice, speaking in the third person, tells the story; it is the voice of the chief character, the old man who goes out alone in his boat, catches an enormous fish, and loses it to the sharks. The

experiment does not quite come off. It was daring to leave us alone for so much of the film with nothing to look at but the man, the boat, and the enormous sea; but the narrative is not resourceful enough, it becomes monotonous. All the same, it was a brave thing to try: some of the seascapes in colour are splendid; and, anyhow, time is never wasted watching that magnificent actor Spencer Tracy.

It seems to me that Edinburgh this year left us with one insistent question. It showed us a handful of goodish films: but they were spread thinly over three weeks: scarcely anybody could hope to see all of them. Would it not be better to make a stricter selection and have fewer films? I think it would.—Network Three

### The Economic Future of the Middle East

(continued from page 548)

growth but a serious obstacle to the 'sleeping partnership' now, and to an active regional cooperation in the long-term scheme. Some Arab countries may resent a peaceful settlement of the Arab-Israeli dispute as an Israeli political gain; but if the Israelis may be the main gainers in the short run, the Arab countries would presumably profit more from regional co-operation in a long-term scheme than Israel or Turkey, which have, as it is, a more favourable rate of growth and trend in per capita income.

I have yet to prove, however, my assumption that the region as a whole would benefit from a long-term regional development plan. The chief reasons for this assumption are these: The predominantly static Arab society, static in particular in the economic field, needs a strong stimulus; not just an injection of money, materials, and skill, but also a spiritual incentive, social enthusiasm, and the drive for development which permeate the Turkish and Israeli societies. It seems probable that the Arabs would prefer a regional stimulus to a Russian or American one, in spite of the prevailing mood.

Secondly, economic resources and present national frontiers are not well adjusted to population pressures and to the growth of individual countries. Regional integration, as I conceive it, would promote such adjustments through diminishing the importance of political frontiers. The average data on population, resources, production and income are not truly representative for the region nor even for the particular countries. Real per capita income of the majority, and savings available for investment, are different from country to country, and different for the weaker and stronger part of the area. It is extremely difficult, on a long-term view, to conceive of a region as interrelated as the Middle East in which comparatively strong countries will grow stronger and poor countries poorer.

The present total population of about 107,000,000 is expected to rise within twenty-five years to about 186,000,000. The annual investments necessary to match this increase have been calculated at £270,000,000 (assuming constant prices) for the whole area. This calculation is based on a fairly realistic assumption of a marginal capital-output ratio of 3:1 (that means that the capital investment of any additional £3 will raise the yearly output by £1 further). Savings, traditionally put at the rate of

5 per cent. of national income for underdeveloped regions, should amount to about £195,000,000. So the result is a deficit of £75,000,000 for the whole region. All these calculations pretend that the only question is how to match the increase in population; but the present per capita income is in dire need of being raised. The target of raising incomes by 5 per cent. yearly would require annual investments to the tune of about £850,000,000 for the whole region. With a serious effort the rate of savings might be doubled, reaching £390,000,000; but even this is less than one half of the required £850,000,000. The case may well seem hopeless if we try to build upon the economies of the Middle Eastern countries as they now stand, and a breakdown of these figures would show that the Arab countries, on the present savings rate and capacity would have a much greater deficit to make good than the non-Arab countries.

#### Three Possible Courses

Three courses remain open: lower targets; or still greater austerity and higher savings, particularly in the better-off countries; or external funds. If the first, the continuance of extreme poverty is rejected, and if social and economic changes are not to be postponed to the Greek Kalends, then targets cannot be cut down much. So we are left with the alternatives of larger savings and foreign assistance, both to be channelled efficiently into productive investments.

Investments out of local resources could be effected partly by using revenues which now accrue to a handful of men and create the misleading impression of an average income that does not reflect the destitute state of most of the people. Even if incomes are not redistributed for social reasons, they must at least be channelled into productive investment outlets. I believe that this can be best attempted on the national, short-term level; but if a long-term plan is kept alive, then, apart from external aid, another part of investment funds may come from the present resources and, in time, possibly even from the increased savings of the more prosperous countries, where some cutting down of consumption would not mean real suffering.

It surely goes without saying that these resources, as well as foreign aid, can be used more efficiently on a regional basis. Transport,

power, irrigation, health - and - population schemes, and educational and technical facilities are of such importance and dimensions that they can be tackled adequately only in a regional framework. Moreover, these facilities constitute an indispensable element of industrial development and of a market economy. The existence of a large regional common market is necessary for those idols of every pre-industrial society, the heavy and engineering industries, that depend on adequate demand. It will also regulate investments and production in individual countries. A rather exceptional, but very instructive, instance of co-ordination in this respect can be seen as early as the beginning of the 'thirties, when Turkey, who had just embarked on her first five-year-plan, tried to obtain Greek co-operation in avoiding the creation of competing industries, and was partially successful.

Hardly any of the countries of the Middle East, need one say, have spare capital, but there can be no doubt that the Arab and the non-Arab sectors can offer each other substantial facilities, which will make more fruitful the employment of capital, foreign or otherwise. One need mention only the extensive, though not exclusive, water resources of the Arab sector and the numerous sea-outlets of the other. Such problems as water utilization cannot be solved efficiently at all on an exclusive national, nor even on an Arab basis. Consider, for example, the well-known instances of the conflicting interests of the various riparian countries concerned in the waters of the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Jordan and the Nile.

In the long run, it is not rich and poor or agricultural and industrial societies which can be truly complementary but rather intensely developing economies, whatever their character.

Will the Middle Eastern countries choose the road of partnership or belligerency? The present situation does not raise great hopes for true partnership: hence the need for short-run programming along national lines. But in the paradoxical Middle East we might well invert Lord Keynes's epigrammatic warning, and assert that there in the short run we may all be dead, while better prospects exist for the long run. Is it too much to ask that, in some such way as I have outlined, Middle Eastern statesmen might keep their eyes on both the near and the distant prospects?—Third Programme

### Round the London Art Galleries

#### By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

YZANTINE art may be studied with the greatest profit and pleasure in the exhibition organized for the Edinburgh Festival and now brought to the Victoria and Albert Museum; it is, it would seem, the first exhibition of this art to be held in this country. Apart from a few objects of the earlier centuries the works chosen are more strictly

Byzantine, that is, actually made in Constantinople rather than in outlying parts of the Empire, than is usual in such collections: the art of this period is therefore seen at its most sophisticated and selfconscious level. To make such a survey possible fantastic treasures have been brought from distant countries; Turkey, the U.S.S.R. and Yugoslavia have lent objects, which only the most persevering or adventurous students can have seen before. The silver dish of Paternus, the incomparable fourteenth-century icons from Moscow, the Metz cope, and the great range of ivories brought from far and wide are enough to illustrate the quality of the exhibition.

Even if this is the most self-conscious art of the dark ages it is still far from easy to decide how consciously the average Byzan-

tine artist envisaged the aims that he so brilliantly achieved. At the beginning there is the problem whether the artist sometimes strayed into beauty by way of misunderstanding the classical tradition, which still often gave him his imagery and at least the more superficial aspects of his style. At the end there is the problem whether rigid conventions were tamely accepted or welcomed as a positive aid to expression. So we get the paradox that the most hieratic and impersonal, the least humanist, of all arts seems often to depend for its effect on aesthetic feeling in its most intuitive and unanalysable form. No one could hope to explain why the placing of the large Chi-Rho monogram on the dish of Paternus gives such intense satisfaction, or to relate to any obvious historical circumstances the fact that Byzantine artists enjoyed a hitherto unknown sensitivity towards whatever materials they used. No better example of this feeling for material could be found than their handling of precious metals and stones, as in the reliquaries, the Gospel covers, or the carved amethysts shown here; too often the use of gold and jewels may be associated with trivial or lifeless craftsmanship, but the Byzantines could make out of them something much more like a Picasso than an object by Fabergé. In

this they could have learned little from their classical forebears; one may suspect that the chryselephantine Zeus would have been better in marble, but if it had been made by a Byzantine there would have been no room for such doubts.

The Moltzau collection, also brought from Edinburgh to London where it is now on view



'A Wedding', by L. S. Lowry: from the exhibition at the Lefevre Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1

at the Tate Gallery, is labelled 'From Cézanne to Picasso' although it is one of Mr. Moltzau's merits as a collector that he has not kept to such safe names but has also acquired the works of those French and other artists who became known after the last war. Thus we now have an opportunity to see whether the work of such artists as Bazaine, Estève, La Moal, de Staël, and Manessier can hold its own in the company of Matisse, Picasso, and Braque. Of the excellence of their technique there can be no question, nor of the gravity and composure of such an exceptional work as de Staël's 'Landscape, Martigues', but in general one may suspect that this will come to seem a period of rather artificial variation on a strictly limited number of themes. It is true that often there is some reference to nature, a suggestion of some actual land-scape in the lighting or in the choice of forms for abstraction; but in making such references have the artists put as much significance back as there was, for example, in the fauve painters before anyone had had the idea of taking everything out? Among the works of earlier artists there will be found a first-rate late Cézanne of the Bibémus quarry, Renoir's portrait of Madame Choquet, Gauguin's portrait of his mother, Soutine's 'The Old Actress', which is one of the most astonishing of his studies of character, Bonnard's enchanting vision of the Terrasse family in the garden, a noble early Matisse, and extremely good examples of the cubist paintings of Picasso and Braque. A late still life by Braque, dated 1955, must convince anyone that he is at least as great an artist in old age as he was in his prime.

With autumn, one-man shows in dealers' galleries have come back thick and fast. At the Lefevre Gallery, L. S. Lowry's small, sad world of back streets is as touching and as acutely observed as ever. Josef Herman shows a few pictures and many drawings at Roland, Browse and Delbanco's gallery\*; he still keeps his central European vision unmodified by any of the individual characteristics of the Welsh miners and Spanish peasants that he paints, but his style is certainly getting crisper, not only in his drawings but also in the painting, more thinly painted than usual, of a grape picker. In paintings at the Redfern Gallery Frank Avray Wilson uses the technique of action painting but his forms are more clear cut and geometrical than those of most artists of this school; his colour is also

more bright and pungent. At the same gallery there are paintings by Richard Eurich, R.A., methodical and conscientious as always; his style might be described, unlikely as such a thing may seem, as a cross between Courbet and Stanley Spencer. At the Leicester Galleries Humphrey Spender comes out as an accomplished abstract impressionist with a considerable grasp of form: here also are entertaining drawings by Edward Ardizzone, loose and fluent and really more akin to Rowlandson than Daumier, though he sometimes takes Daumier subjects and borrows some aspects of his style. At Gimpel Fils Harold Cohen shows that it is possible to combine the style of the action painters with a real respect for the medium of oil and a natural understanding of it; these paintings may seem to have something of the five-finger exercise about them but all five fingers are both sensitive and assured.

The I.C.A. gallery has yet another of its queer exhibitions, brilliantly executed photographs by Brassai of drawings on the walls of Paris, done in chalk or with a knife and mainly by children. The photographs are curiously evocative—yes, but what do they teach?

<sup>\*</sup> The drawing of 'Man on Cart' reproduced on page 509 of THE LISTENER last week was by Josef Harman, and not, as stated, by Josef Hofman.

### Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

#### Austria since the Occupation

Sir,—As reported in THE LISTENER of October 2, Mr. Gordon Brook-Shepherd in his talk 'Austria since the Occupation' says: 'The other [i.e., social-democratic] half looked forward just as pointlessly to a socialist millennium that never came'. If—and this seems fairly obvious—this is intended to imply a futile utopianism, it is far from true.

The other half very actively attempted to bring about a society it considered desirable, and in this attempt secured some very real achievements. In the Laender under its sway (especially in Vienna, a Land by itself) it produced the nearest approach to the Welfare State that existed before its establishment in the United Kingdom, serving as a model to many countries in respect of workers' flats, health, mothers' and children's welfare, and education. It inaugurated labour legislation which was progressive in outlook and effective in practice. Last, but not least, this very sound party body of the Austrian Social Democrats withstood all pre-war and post-war communist attempts to destroy it, thus saving Austria, and perhaps all western Europe, from communist domination.

As for the bitterness of the pre-war struggle between the parties, and the existence of a workable coalition now, it would seem that Mr. Brook-Shepherd is not aware of one main reason for this change. Fundamentally, this party struggle was a war of country against town, of the provinces against Vienna. Vienna was still in its mental attitude the capital of a vanished empire and an international metropolis, the countryside reactionary and blinkered. Today Vienna is the appropriate centre of a small country, somewhat provincialized, while the provinces have shed their blinkers, and have considerably widened their box, for reasons as diverse as the country bus, allied occupation, the tourist trade, and many more could be added

Mr. Brook-Shepherd does not mention one danger which still remains. One of the pre-war parties being Roman Catholic, the other Socialist, there was no room for the man who was neither; politically homeless, he was driven into the arms of National Socialism. Little has changed in this respect, and the middle-of-theroader, who could be found here on the right wing of Labour, or could be a left-wing Conservative or a Liberal, might be tempted to join one of the neo-nazi parties, assisting the revival of what everybody else in Austria wants to forget with a sometimes slightly suspect haste.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.8

J. H. TAUBER

#### Are M.P.'s Slaves?

Sir,—Emanuel Shinwell in his review in THE LISTENER of October 2 complains that Nigel Nicolson does not point the moral of his quarrel with his party organization. There is certainly one moral that Mr. Nicolson omits to point that when the bulk of the Bournemouth East

electors can be little more than spectators of the battle to decide which man is to represent them, there is something badly wrong with our electoral system.

The electors are not quite without power: they can do as Mr. Nicolson urges, join their party, attend its adoption meeting, and thus ensure that the candidate chosen is the one preferred by the majority. At least, they can do this if those now in control do not counter the move by refusing to accept any recruit suspected of being pro-Nicolson. But they are impotent compared with Irish electors. In Dublin South-East at the last general election, Dr. Noel Browne was in the same position as Nigel Nicolson—wishing to stand as a Fianna Fail candidate but refused nomination by that party. There was, however, one vital difference: Eire votes by Proportional Representation, under which there can be no such thing as 'splitting the vote', so Dr. Browne's supporters were quite free to nominate him as an additional, Independent, candidate, the voters had a perfectly free choice, and they did in fact choose to elect Dr. Browne as the second of their three members, with one of the two official Fianna Fail candidates third.

Incidentally, this probably accounts for the fact that Fianna Fail is trying to get rid of Proportional Representation.

Mr. Shinwell commits the same fault of which he accuses Mr. Nicolson—he 'feebly makes an appeal to everybody to play fair'. He admits the vested interests of parties, but does no more than appeal to them to allow free votes on matters other than motions of censure. That will not do. Party organizations have got to be deprived of the power to impose an unreasonable degree of discipline, and that can be done easily by reforming the electoral system in such a way that the voters, not the party organizations, decide whether any particular man or woman shall be elected or not.

Yours, etc., Tunbridge Wells

ENID LAKEMAN

#### Immigration and Britain's Racial Riots

Sir,—In an otherwise excellent broadcast by Sir Alexander Carr-Saunders on race relation problems (printed in THE LISTENER of September 11), one possibly misleading statement was made. 'Broadly speaking', he said, 'U.K. citizens are as free to enter Australia, Canada and New Zealand as are citizens of those countries to enter Great Britain'. This is not the case if they wish to stay. No one from this country who has even a police court conviction for dishonesty can emigrate to Canada, An immigrant must have a perfect bill of health. An X-ray scar on a lung, however old, would bar him unless an approved guarantee of support is received from a resident. The same applies to elderly people. I can imagine that every Member of Parliament has from time to time to take up hard cases, normally-but not invariably—in vain.

The object of my letter is to show that we have no power to refuse entry to any criminal

from any part of the Commonwealth, nor can we return white slavers or other undesirables to their own countries; but that the operation is entirely one sided, since no part of the Commonwealth accepts immigrants from this country unconditionally, and they can not only expel but refuse even temporary entry to anyone whom they consider unsuitable.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

JOCELYN LUCAS

#### Production in the Age of Affluence

Sir,—'For people like to work for many other reasons than the income' (C. A. R. Crosland, THE LISTENER, September 25). What are these reasons? Capitalistic free competition? Socialistic order? Or some sex libido of Freud?

As one at the bottom frustum of the social pyramid (£12 a week and less) I shall say we work because the economists have yet to convince us we can survive at any other than the classical Ricardo level of subsistence; such is our lot, and such, also, is the lot of the American worker.

Surely if our societies have so quickly come to satiety the answer should not be more unemployment at higher rates but more for the distribution to those whose wants are obvious and less for those who spend our surplus value on tail-fins and trivialities.

Yours, etc.,

Padstow

ERIC WARNE

The Origins of Jazz

Sir,—It is a little late in the day for Sir Malcolm Sargent to clump on to the scene (The Listener, September 25) making inaccurate statements about jazz music: by now too many people know too much about the subject for him to get away with it! His view of jazz as a purely commercial commodity depending upon synthetic novelty year by year sounds like a parody of the views expressed twenty years ago by Constant Lambert. Sir Malcolm, like Lambert before him, fails to separate true jazz from the world of popular music which is parasitic upon it.

Thus, while it is true that the money men made a brief attempt at the commercial exploitation of boogie-woogie piano playing during the 'forties, the idiom is in fact one of the enduring jazz forms, from the primitive players such as Charlie Spand in the 'twenties through players like Memphis Slim in the 'thirties to Pete Johnson in the 'forties; and Meade Lux Lewis is still recording boogie in the 'fifties. One wonders if Sir Malcolm has studied the work of these men; if so he could hardly regard boogie as one of the 'year by year' novelties.

He is similarly wrong over bop (it was never bee bop as Sir Malcolm seems to think). To list bop as a commercial novelty seems to anyone who knows the subject like an attempt at sardonic humour. The young Negro musicians who brought about the bop revolution in the early 'forties held aloof from their audience

(Charlie Parker, the only bop musician of genius, even playing a Paris concert with his back to the audience), and one of the reasons for the rapid extinction of bop in its early form was its refusal to compromise with the cash

Sir Malcolm is right about rock 'n' roll. It does represent the commercial exploitation (at a low level) of a musical form and as such can be disregarded, though it is interesting that the musical basis of R. 'n' R. (as also of boogie) is the blues, and the blues has been the sprung steel at the core of jazz for sixty-odd years.

Yours, etc.,

Harrogate

P. B. CHECKLAND

#### Walter Sickert

Sir,—The centenary of the birth of Walter Sickert falls on May 31, 1960. I am hoping to publish on that occasion a book made up in part of Sickert's letters and in part of first-hand recollections by people who were connected with him in one way or another. This project has the approval and support both of Sickert's inheritrix, Miss Catherine Powell, and of his executor, Sir Alec Martin

I should be very grateful if anyone who would like to contribute to this book would communicate with me, c/o Messrs John Murray, at 50 Albemarle Street, London, W.1. Any letters or other documents would be treated with great care and returned as soon as possible.

London, W.1

Yours, etc., JOHN RUSSELL

Mrs. Patrick Campbell

Sir,—I am embarking—for the Museum Press—upon a life of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. If any of your readers should have any unusual recollections of that remarkable actress (or any letters from or about her), perhaps they would care to communicate with me directly.

Yours, etc.,

11, Rose and Crown Yard, ALAN DENT St. James's, London, S.W.1.

Rediscovering Croquet

Sir,—'Once a croquet player, always a croquet player', says Dorothy Horton, and to substantiate her words Miss L. Elphinstone-Stone who won a Croquet Association Silver Medal sixty-two years ago has been playing at Eastbourne during the last fortnight in the South of England championships Tournament. Indeed, croquet is the perfect game for prolonging an active old age.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.13

S. S. TOWNSEND

The latest volume in Dr. A. L. Rowse's 'Teach Yourself History' series is called Oliver Cromwell and the Puritan Revolution. It is by Maurice Ashley and is as accurate, enjoyable, and well written as his earlier volume in the series, Louis XIV and the Greatness of France. Readers of Mr. Ashley's new book should not only be able to learn a lot about Cromwell; they should also discover a flood of clear light thrown on the whole story of the English Civil War and the rise and influence of the Puritan move-War and the rise and influence of the Puritan move-

The October number of *History Today* (price 3s.) contains a stimulating illustrated article by Maurice Ashley on 'Love and Marriage in Seventeenth-century England'. Other articles include one by J. W. Burrow on Herbert Spencer and a fresh appraisal of Thomas Creevey by John Gore.

The Creighton Lecture in History for 1957 has been published by the Athlone Press (price 5s.). Its subject is *The Commons in Medieval English Parliaments* and the author is Professor J. G. Edwards, Director of the Institute of Historical Research in London.

#### Bridge Forum—I

### Answers to Listeners' Bridge Problems

#### By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

Every Saturday, on Network Three, a panel of bridge experts answers some questions sent in by listeners. Harold Franklin and Terence Reese deal here with some questions better suited to a written answer. Their opinions are given independently of one another.

#### **Question 1**

(from Mr. G. K. Russell, Dry Hill Road, Tonbridge, Kent).

At love all the bidding goes (dealer North): South West North 3H

What should South bid, holding:

**♦** 10 9 6 2 ♥ 6 4 ♦ A J 7 3 **\$973** 

#### Answer by Harold Franklin

Three No Trumps. Four Spades may be better, but there is no way to find out about it. Double would be more likely to produce a plus score, but no more than East was prepared to lose. Without the Three Heart bid I would have bid a reasonably confident Three No Trumps and still think it the best course.

#### Answer by Terence Reese

Three No Trumps. The point to bear in mind is that East is not likely to have good defence against Three No Trumps in his own hand. If he had a suit headed by KQJ and a re-entry he would pass, not overcall. The fact that South has no stop in Hearts is therefore not important. Certainly he should not try to play in Four Spades, with the lead coming through his partner.

#### Question 2

(from Mr. A. Lennon, Belfast).

These are the hands of West and East:

<b>4</b> 9 8 4 2 ·	<b>4</b> 10
<b>V</b> 10 5 2	<b>♥</b> A K J 6 4 3
<b>♦</b> 10 4 3 2	<b>♦</b> A 5
♣ K 6	♣ A 8 3 2
An Jame all also	hidding man (dealer C

SOUTH WEST EAST NORTH No Dble No 3H No No No

Three Spades was one off, Four Hearts would have been made. Should East have doubled again at the point when he bid Three Hearts, and should West have gone to Four Hearts, either immediately or after Three Spades?

#### Answer by Harold Franklin

East's bidding has given a very fair picture of his hand. West has good support in face of what seems to be an advertised six-card suit, a King, and a ruffing value. Four Hearts is not too imaginative a bid for him to find.

#### Answer by Terence Reese

East is pretty strong and might indeed have doubled again. West might have gone to Four Hearts, either freely or over Three Spades, but it was a close decision and I am not inclined to be censorious of either player. After all, the hands fitted particularly really hands fitted particularly well.

#### Question 3

(from Dr. J. K. Kroes, The Hague, Holland). At game all South, the dealer, holds

**A** A Q 3 2 ♥ K J 8 4 ◆ Q 5 4 3 2 What should he open and why?

#### Answer by Harold Franklin

The choice, in my view, is between One Heart and One Spade (and I recognise the hand as one on which a leading international player advocated One Diamond). The Diamond suit is too thin to be considered as reasonably rebiddable. I select One Heart as the best prepared bid, leaving partner room to bid the Spade suit at the Care level of the Leaving partner room to bid the Spade suit at the care level of the Leaving partner. One level. If partner responds Two Clubs I bid Two Diamonds and take no further action

#### Answer by Terence Reese

One Diamond must be dismissed first because it leads to an awkward rebid should partner respond Two Clubs or One No Trump. The Diamonds are not rebiddable and it would give an exaggerated picture to reverse by following One Diamond with Two of a major. So far as future developments of the bidding is concerned, there is not much to choose between One Spade and One Heart, I incline to One Spade for this reason: should I be able to show only one major, and should the hand be played in No Trumps, it is well that I should avert a Spade lead; but a Heart lead might well be good for our side.

[Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer further questions next week. Listeners' problems should be addressed to 'Bridge Forum', Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and not to The Editor, The LISTENER]

### The Listener's Book Chronicle

Pope and Human Nature

By Geoffrey Tillotson. Oxford. 35s. TWENTY YEARS AGO Professor Tillotson gave us the first full-length study of Pope for nearly a couple of centuries. His theme on that occasion was the manner of Pope's poetry. He has now returned to Pope, after dallying in nineteenthcentury fields, to write this time about Pope's matter. Several years of experience have taught us what to expect from books in this category. We learn that our modern notions of, it may be kingship or order must be revised if we would understand what our author would be at. We are taught to recognize that the common notions of another age were quite different from our own, and we are encouraged to exchange the provinciality of our own century for the provinciality of another. But this is not Professor Tillotson's way. Though he is prepared to consider at one point what it means to write under the shadow of Newton, he has preferred to return to an older and more humane assumption that human nature changes little, that the observations of a talented observer will touch us as forcefully, or almost as forcefully as they touched a contemporary, and that the moral system recommended still holds good.

The argument is conducted partly by an appeal to other authorities—and here the fruits of Professor Tillotson's nineteenth-century studies are to be seen-and partly by an appeal from the text of Pope lavishly quoted to our own businesses and bosoms. Discussions now rarely heard outside the tutor's room are once more brought out into the open. Can the Essay on Man any longer command assent? Are not its conclusions insufferably optimistic? Do not Pope's satirical characters point to his possession of a cruel heart, or at any rate of a vindictive temperament? Can we pay any serious attention to the moral teaching of such a man, who moreover makes a parade of his own honesty though he stands convicted of all kinds of deceitfulness? Are not the later satires, in particular The Dunciad, far too parochial in their reliance upon contemporary detail?

It is good to have these topics brought out once more for a dusting, especially as the duster is in such discreet hands. Pope himself survives the investigation very well. Admissions are made -this is 'painful to record', and that is 'infamous'-but there are extenuations; there are also misunderstandings removed and exaggerations deflated, which altogether go far to explain the poet's complex personality. But at one point we may entertain a reservation. Much is made, and rightly, of the image of the poet that Pope creates in his poetry, and the evidence of his 'sublime egotism' has never been so successfully displayed from such a wide range of poems. But is there not, we might ask, a distinction to be drawn between the actual personality and an assumed literary personality that is dictated by convention? When Pope asks his friend in the Epilogue to the Satires to 'forgive the prejudice of youth', he cannot have forgotten that he was then fifty years old; but the 'youth' remains appropriate to the personality of the satirist that he is adopting. Such a qualification as this example suggests might have been usefully explored.

Though his theme is Pope's matter, it is good to find Professor Tillotson reverting as occasion offers to his former theme of Pope's manner. He has already contributed more than any other critic to our appreciation of Pope's diction, and now he has written another fourteen pages that are more rewarding than even his own earlier work; and the following twelve pages where he is concerned with Pope's use of the couplet are outstandingly perceptive. He is the first to examine Pope's contention that an appropriate diction distinguishes each of the major poetic 'kinds', the first to replace that lost lecture of Coleridge on the 'almost faultless position and choice of words in Mr. Pope's original compositions', and the first to meet Leigh Hunt's powerful attack upon Pope's versification.

As in his previous books, he continues to challenge or startle us with a judgment. How many would immediately subscribe to this?

No one can fail to be interested in An Essay on Man, which even to ourselves, I think, is the most gloriously, because as it were most publicly, exciting of his works.

Yet many of us will be persuaded to share his view. Another characteristic is a gift of phrase that meets and satisfies our intentions. Many readers, as well as Lamb, have been moved by a famous passage in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, which seems a mere list of early friends; but if we are at a loss to understand why the mere list should move us, is it not because we discern 'its devotion, its golden possessiveness and yet its beautiful manners, the smiles and shrewdness of its Homeric epithets'?

'... and Mr. Fortescue'. Edited by Osbert Wyndham Hewett. Murray. 21s.

Readers of Mr. Hewett's Strawberry Fair (1956) may remember that the political hostess of mid-Victorian times, Lady Waldegrave, married as her third husband Chichester Fortescue, later Lord Carlingford. Mr. Hewett has now made a selection from the diaries kept by Fortescue between 1851 and 1862. Chichester Fortescue is remembered as a politician of some ability: he was twice Chief Secretary for Ireland. He is remembered as the friend of Edward Lear. He is also remembered as having been a constant and devoted admirer of Lady Waldegrave for years before he married her. 'All my manhood' he wrote in his diary at the end of 1861, 'all my youth, all craving after pleasure, or excitement, or romance have been swallowed up for these ten years in my devotion to her'.

Mr. Hewett's selections have been made 'as far as possible' from those rare entries in the diaries in which she is not the principal interest. All the same, she seems to dominate the diaries as she dominated their author by her beauty, intelligence, wealth, power, and influence. His brief notes of her appearance seem to make her visible—at a dance 'in a great muslin and gold dress with grapes and vine leaves in her hair', or 'looking a queen of grace and frolic, in blue with her black sombrero', or 'magnificent

in black, purple and gold', or 'dressed to perfection in green silk and fur'.

The selections consist largely of political notes and gossip, in which the names of Lord John Russell, Palmerston, Gladstone, and the Duke of Newcastle recur. Often they are little more than memoranda, and it cannot be said either that they have literary grace or that they make very smooth or engaging reading. But for anyone who has a particular interest in the mosaic of Victorian social history they will be a delight, and among them are some brilliant fragments to fit into spaces in the design. Of these fragments the chief is perhaps Lord Melbourne's remark to Queen Victoria about the Prince Consort, 'But, damn it, Madam, you don't expect that he'll always be faithful to you, do you?' Confidences from Lear and Mrs. Ruskin (that 'extremely hard-headed young woman', as Mr. Hewett calls her, whose dirty linen has now been washed in public to the point of tedium), odd glimpses of Mrs. Gaskell, or Charles Kingsley, or of the Grey-Keppel scandal -such things will, to the literary-minded, seem more entertaining than much of the faded details of political intrigue.

Edward Thomas: the Last Four Years.
The first volume of the Memoirs of
Eleanor Farjeon. Oxford. 25s.

Any contribution that illuminates the life of a poet must be welcome. It is over forty years since Edward Thomas was killed at the battle of Arras. Nobody can dispute that the reputation of his poetry, published posthumously, has steadily increased, and rightly. Few people now read the prose, much of it hack-work, by which he lived, though much of it is well worth reading.

The first full study of all his work, alas extremely pedestrian, was published in 1956. Through the two beautiful autobiographies written by his wife, soon after his death, and through John Moore's workmanlike Life and Letters (1939) some readers will know the outlines of his life. But still, Miss Farjeon's title may be somewhat mystifying to those who have no previous knowledge of Thomas. It was only in the last four years of his life that he wrote poetry, largely as a result of his friendship with Robert Frost, and it was only in those years that Miss Farjeon got to know him. It is a defect in her book that the reader is assumed to know more of the preceding thirty-five years than is fair. A further constriction is that although Thomas's letters to Miss Farjeon are printed, there are none from her to him. If any survive, their omission may be perfectly in key with the platonic character of their friendship, but it deprives the reading of much of its interest.

Miss Farjeon has carried her quietism to considerable lengths. She was the privileged recipient of Thomas's poems hot from the mint, she typed them for him, and devoted some of her energies to trying to place them for him. There can surely be no doubt that they must have stirred her deeply, yet there is no hint of what she thought and felt about them at the

time, or since—and surely, if one is making a poet the keystone of an autobiographical memoir, such thoughts and feelings are the very essence of it?

Thomas was not a 'literary' letter-writer. His letters to Miss Farjeon are for the most part arrangements to meet for lunch or tea in London, information about his children or mutual friends, or descriptions. Only occasionally do they probe into the depths of his character. Nor does Miss Farjeon choose to do so; which is a great pity. There can seldom have been an autobiography which gives away less about its writer or its ostensible subject. This is the more noticeable because the peripheral passages of the book are so very much alive. The few pages on James Guthrie present a most vivid picture of the man, and the brief encounter with D. H. Lawrence is equally evocative.

The fact is that Thomas's letters loosely strung together with a commentary and interspersed with short impressions of other friends do not add up to Miss Farjeon's life over the years 1913-1917 or Thomas's either. 'He counted on me for friendship: I loved him with all my heart'. This simple statement in the foreword goes far to explaining the reserve of the pages which follow; a reserve which it is essential to accept and respect. For students of Thomas there are some snippets and references to poems, and one or two first drafts which differ slightly from their final versions; and some snapshots which (one hopes) differ considerably from their subjects.

#### Personal Knowledge By Michael Polanyi.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 42s. In 1951 and 1952 Professor Polanyi delivered the Gifford lectures at Aberdeen. He had devoted more than two years to preparing them. He has taken a further six years to turn them into a book. The product of his protracted labours is unlikely to be as popular as some earlier and memorable Gifford lectures in book form, such as William James's Varieties of Religious Experience and Macneile Dixon's The Human Situation. While he makes much of passion, he does not communicate it. Although he has made a great effort, the reader will have to make an effort too. Has the thesis of the

lectures the importance to warrant this?

The thesis—expounded at length and with a wealth of instances—is that the knower collaborates in the knowledge which he gains. The sub-title, 'Towards a Post-Critical Philosophy', should be noted. Kant was the critical philosopher. He taught that space and time are forms of the human sensibility. We know at all only spatially and temporally. Professor Polanyi goes further. As nature possesses, he says, the same rationality which scientific inquiry employs in pursuit of her secrets, so the inquirer is rewarded thanks primarily to his own initiative and passion. He has to commit himself by personal choice to what he will discover. Otherwise he would not know what to look for. Throughout his quest he is guided by a personal vision and sustained by a personal conviction. It is both the 'indispensable intellectual powers and their passionate participation in the act of knowing that is here being called 'personal knowledge'.

The point clearly differs from that made

The point clearly differs from that made by Niels Bohr and Werner Heisenberg—that, as the behaviour of atomic particles is disturbed by the observation of them, what the mathematics of physics describes is not the behaviour of the particles but only our knowledge of the behaviour. We are nearer to 'personal knowledge' when we recall that one of the puzzles of scientific discovery, of the acquisition of skills, and of adaptation to environment generally, is how amid an immense field the relevant perceptions are singled out for attention. Professor Polanyi does not solve that puzzle; he dwells on it as evidence of the contribution of the human agent and of the crucial value of human intelligence and intuitions. The whole thesis, even if correct, may thus seem superfluous. It can neither assist nor facilitate the study and advance of any natural science.

Consider, however, the confidence which its propounder has inspired. In 1948 the senate and council of Manchester University, led by the then vice-chancellor and then chairman of the council, allowed him to exchange the professorship of physical chemistry there for the chair of social studies in which he was exempt from having to lecture. There could hardly be a stronger assurance that they believed he had matter of moment to work upon. It is also to be remembered that he is the author of in particular two earlier books-Science, Faith, and Society (published in 1946) and The Logic of Liberty (1951). In the one he was anxious to maintain that a human society will not remain free unless its members affirm that faith and justice have intrinsic force, and in the other that in order to remain free a society must be dedicated to a distinctive set of beliefs, beliefs which are despised and rejected over vast areas of the globe today. In turn Personal Knowledge has been written, he says, so as 'to achieve a frame of mind in which I may hold firmly to what I believe to be true, even though I know that it might conceivably be false',

There and nowhere else lies the importance of his massive undertaking. The doctrine which he attacks—that scientific hypotheses are a merely convenient summary of experience, and cannot be persuasive—is, in his eyes, incompatible with what are, for him, the essential truths about men. Hence it is trivial to object to him, for example, that he makes little play with the truth that to imagine that verification is proof, is, as H. W. B. Joseph pointed out, to perpetuate the fallacy of the consequent, or, again, that he gives disproportionate space to a refutation of Marxism. It is alone in relation to his defence of individual liberty that his thesis is to be criticised.

#### The Battle of the Rhineland

By R. W. Thompson. Hutchinson. 21s. A down-to-detail, almost minute-to-minute, account of the final fighting in the West during February and March 1945 takes up the second half of Mr. Thompson's book. He notes that this battle of the Rhineland was fought out four months after the original planned date and five months after Field-Marshal Montgomery had hoped to drive through to the north and to victory over Germany, and the first half of his book considers the reasons for the delay. He attributes this partly to a remarkable recovery by the German armies, partly to mistakes on the part of the Allied Commanders.

So far as the latter are concerned, blame is distributed fairly evenly. Montgomery wanted forty divisions for a drive to the north when

nothing like that number was available; and he allowed his preoccupation with the impracticable to lead him into serious misjudgments in the struggle for the Scheldt and into the mistaken attack at Arnhem. Patton's wild opportunism led him to waste his forces in a futile thrust at the Saar. Bradley weakly fell in with Patton's aims and thus endangered the offensive strength of the northern armies. Eisenhower, though no Napoleon, cannot be blamed for not co-ordinating and directing his subordinates, for he was little more than a 'chairman'; but the strategy he preferred—that of advancing all along the line and wearing out the enemy, if possible, west of the Rhine-left freedom of action to Germany and perhaps encouraged dissension among his own commanders. All this is not particularly novel, as is the author's emphasis on the importance for the future campaign of the American defeat in the attack on the village of Schmidt in November 1944. But it is well argued and temperately put down, and prefaced with the sensible remark that since the Allied Commanders, though able men, were not military geniuses, and since they were faced with a task of enormous-not to say unprecedented—complexity, the surprising thing is not that they made so many mistakes but that they made so few.

### By Willard Connely. Bodley Head. 25s.

Mr. Willard Connely has made a quick-moving chronicle of the last nine years of Sterne's life, when Tristram Shandy and A Sentimental Journey were being written, and their author was the lion of London and Paris. In an age of social geniuses Sterne was one of the greatest because he had a shrewd understanding of his own eccentric humanity. Boswell was a snob raised to the power of genius: Sterne, though he could compete in vanity with the vainest, had the wisdom to recognise the value of humbler contacts, and one of the most agreeable things about Mr. Connely's account of his hero's social progress is the way in which Sterne's less spectacular relationships engage our interest and sympathy. Sterne soliciting a particular print for Anne James in order to help her in drawing cattle 'with which to enliven her landscapes' somehow carries more conviction of genius than when he is shandying it in the salons or yoricking with the grisettes.

Mr. Connely has chosen to record only the vears of social and literary success because before he discovered in latish middle age his universality, Sterne, although eccentric and individual, was as everyone knows a country parson and little more . . . . A less convinced Shandean might have substituted for 'universality' the realisation of the drawing-power of an eccentric persona in the latter half of the eighteenth century. At any rate, Sterne worked quite as hard at his own character as at those of Uncle Toby, Yorick and the rest. Indeed the two things were part of the same process: one might almost say that he created the inhabitants of Shandy Hall and then impersonated them. And that he was fully aware of the nature of the process is evident from his recognition that his sermons and letters would make nearly as good publisher's copy as his fictions.

One result of this is that Mr. Connely feels

free to treat all Sterne's writing on the same level. A passage or paraphrase from Tristram Shandy or the Sentimental Journey fits in as neatly as something from a letter or a journal (Mr. Connely does not even trouble to specify the sources of borrowings of this kind: for other kinds he gives somewhat staccato acknowledgement in his notes). All this is very skilful and lively, and readily acceptable to any-

one who has digested the Shandean hypothesis as thoroughly as Mr. Connely. Doubters may ask whether, since the imaginative creations of a writer are necessarily greater than their creator, Mr. Connely is not depreciating Sterne's real achievement by identifying the two? He tells us that Sterne was a master of English prose, and that he took more pains with his prose than is usually recognised. Surely some evidence

of this, with a little illustrative analysis, would have given us an insight into Sterne's mind as distinct from his Shandean persona? To such objections Mr. Connely might fairly reply that we have had more than enough of the psychological and analytical approach to literature. Certainly he has given us an entertaining portrait of Sterne, perhaps all the more entertaining because it is incomplete.

### **New Novels**

The King Must Die. By Mary Renault. Longmans. 16s.

Daddy's Gone a-Hunting. By Penelope Mortimer. Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.

Justice of the Heart. By E. Arnot Robertson. Collins. 15s.

The Southerner. By Douglas Kiker. Deutsch. 15s.

Fenner's Kingdom. By Paul Norwood. Heinemann. 16s.

NCIENT Greece, Zanzibar, the United States, the British Isles; novels, even when they are only moderately good, provide the most agreeable lessons in geography and anthropology, so that very often they make up in instruction for what they may lack in art.

Indeed, only one of these books has any real pretensions to art; but all, for one reason or another, are worth reading. Yet even as one reads one knows that the memory of them will quickly fade; the exception is Miss Mary Renault's The King Must Die, which is such a remarkable tour de force that out of myth, legend, pre-history, archaeology, it creates a world which seems at once completely strange and yet completely real. It tells the story of Theseus, first as a young man in Eleusis; then as heir to Aigeus, King of Athens, and of his sailing to Crete to save his kingdom and destroy the Minotaur.

The legend is such a strange one that it would seem impossible to retell it today except as fable or allegory; Miss Renault tells it as if it were true, and completely convinces us of its truth, though hardly a stick or stone remains of that ancient world, and the minds, motives, and instincts of her characters are so different from those of modern man that they are hardly recognizable as belonging to the same species. Indeed, in reading The King Must Die one sometimes has the weird sensation of sharing the lives of beings who are closer to the animal than the human kingdom; it is as if their senses, their perceptions, and the very beat of their blood were not quite as ours and yet we are made to feel them as our own. And this is an extraordinary experience, because their world is one in which the animal, the human and the divine are inextricably joined. How is it then that we have no difficulty in accepting it as real? The answer, of course, lies in Miss Renault's quite extraordinary literary gifts, and if there is any criticism to be made of her novel it is only that, very occasionally, one detects a slight whiff of Wardour Street in her otherwise

It is intensity of vision and imagination which makes The King Must Die so remarkable, a gift so rare that one hardly ever expects to find it in a novel; most novelists must do as best they can without it, and some manage very well indeed. Daddy's Gone a-Hunting takes us to the Common, one of those luxury dormitory

areas, sixty miles from London, where the husbands work in London and live on expense accounts and the wives lead solitary lives of fantasy for most of the week. There is something rather horrible in the accuracy with which Mrs. Mortimer depicts the mores of the place; most of her characters would be in danger of being grotesque if they were not recognizably less grotesque than the originals from whom they were drawn. In such a society there is not much choice between being brutish or pathetic; perhaps Mrs. Mortimer shows feminine prejudice in her tendency to allot pathos to her women and brutishness to her men. But her heroine, Ruth Whiting, also acquires a certain dignity in her attempt to solve the problem of procuring an abortion for her eighteen-year-old daughter, who is pregnant by a young man of quite exceptional horror. She does solve her problem and in doing so meets some of the more flagrant absurdities of the English law on the subject; and if her only reward for her struggle is a sharper insight into her own character and situation, this is at least something which is rarely achieved on the Common.

Louise Downes, in Justice of the Heart, also achieves greater insight into herself, but it requires the shock of a visit to Zanzibar to effect it and to relieve her of the burden of guilt imposed on her by an act of unfaithfulness to her dead husband. Her guilt takes the form of a compulsion to investigate a series of what appear to be injustices committed against a native of Zanzibar. As a successful journalist, she is well equipped for the task, but in the course of her investigation she discovers that things are not always what they seem; her discovery enables her to forgive herself and to marry an extremely nice Dutch botanist. Miss Robertson is a capable and competent writer and her picture of Zanzibar is vivid enough to make one want passionately to go there oneself; equally, her Louise is a likeable and engaging creature; yet there is something oddly unconvincing about the psychological machinery of the novel. It is as if one were watching real persons doing real things for unreal motives. It may be that Miss Robertson's affection for her heroine is too strong to allow her to admit that the sense of guilt is commonly a very ugly thing, and infects with its ugliness all the actions of those who suffer from it.

Douglas Kiker, the author of The Southerner,

is perhaps not as good a writer as either Miss Mortimer or Miss Robertson, yet, curiously enough, he has written a better book. Perhaps it is because the subject of his novel, the colour bar in the Southern States of America, forces him to explore a wider variety of motive and character and a wider range of social life. It also makes greater demands upon his powers of objectivity and impartiality. The Southerner has the topicality both of Notting Hill Gate and Little Rock; what is remarkable is the degree to which Mr. Kiker succeeds in showing that colour prejudice is not always a matter merely of ignorance, callousness, and brutality.

The Southerner is the story of an attempt to enforce integration in a Southern school and of the effects which followed from it; Jess Winthrow, its hero, is a Southerner himself and his natural sympathies are with the South in its efforts to maintain White supremacy. Yet he is driven by the facts of the situation to take the side of the Negroes and by so doing he cuts himself off from the society to which he belongs. His problem is therefore a real and a serious one and one which faces many millions of men and women in the United States today. It is, perhaps, too much to hope that they will come to the same conclusion as Jess Winthrow; what gives The Southerner its value is the scrupulous fairness with which Mr. Kiker exposes both the fearful dilemma of those for whom colour prejudice is an integral part of a society which is deeply loved, and equally the fearful consequences of failure to find a way out of the

Fenner's Kingdom brings us back to England, but to a part of its life which, so far as fiction is concerned, is strangely unfamiliar. Henry Falk, its hero, an economist at Oxford, takes the unusual step of giving up academic life to go into business. What is even more unusual is that the kind of business he goes into is not a large, modern, streamlined corporation but an old-fashioned, rather inefficient family business which is, in fact, far more typical of British industry. In the course of his work at Ingleby's of Bradford, top makers and wool merchants, he sees some aspects of British business which are difficult to reconcile with economic theory, and realizes that, in this country at least, business decisions are largely determined by motives which have no place in the economic textbooks.

GORONWY REES

### CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

#### DOCUMENTARY

#### Dare to be a Daniel

PRESS CONFERENCE' was obviously on its best behaviour when Bertrand Russell was interviewed last Friday. The interviewers positively radiated pleasure at their—and our—privilege: one of them, indeed, was so overwhelmed that by the time he got round to asking a question it was one that his colleagues had already put. It had not previously struck me, by the way, that the opening of this programme is really rather impressive: against a strongly rhythmic piece of theme-music the subject is held by the camera in steady profile; one's anticipation is aroused, and, last week at least, one was not disappointed.

We hear many clever people on television, but few wise ones. Lord Russell is not only wise; he is also seen to be wise; his manner and presence are incomparable. He is also completely sincere and independent unaffected

completely sincere and independent, unaffected by any of what Orwell called 'the smelly little orthodoxies which are at present contending for our souls'. The questions put to Lord Russell were mainly about disarmament, which he supports, not on grounds of 'love' ('I don't love all those whom I don't shoot') but out of enlightened self-interest, common decency and common sanity, all of which are out of fashion nowadays. One almost felt the questioners brought out the stock political arguments about Nato, communist slavery being worse than nuclear war, etc., solely that Lord Russell might make rings round them: rings of light. It was sheer delight for me to hear the clichés by which statesmen support their lunatic policies dismissed as melodramatic nonsense. Lord Russell refused to be trapped into agreeing that human nature can be divided up into absolute black and

Russell refused to be trapped into agreeing that human nature can be divided up into absolute black and white. He maintained that Russian hostility is due to fear, and that if Russia did not fear the West she would not be likely to wish to dominate it. Though the American way

of life contains some freedom, and is by our standards preferable to the communist one, it also contains much conformity and is scarcely worth annihilating the human race for. As regards our continued existence on this planet, Lord Russell laid evens; for himself, he nobly and movingly reaffirmed the beliefs to which he has devoted his life.

Lord Russell believes it is stupid to fight; the Quakers believe it is wrong. In the first of a new series, 'Lion's Den', the Quakers were, rather oddly, the lions, and Sir Brian Horrocks the Daniel; the idea of the series being to bring together people of opposing viewpoints. Sir Brian had the advantage not so much of being a professional soldier but of being a professional television broadcaster. He was charming and urbane, but his optimism seemed naïve and his arguments based on emotion rather than reason: to describe the Russians as anti-Christ is hysterical clap-trap, and the old argument about nuclear 'deterrents' seemed feebler than usual with Lord Russell's words, earlier the same evening, still fresh in one's mind.



With everybody shouting their heads off in Washington, Formosa, or Scarborough, one envied the two young French archaeologists who had got away from it all. The first of two

who had got away from it all. The first of two films of their 'Chinese Journey' was shown on October 1. We began in the Gobi desert among the nomadic horsemen and shepherds of Outer Mongolia, all making for Ulan Bator, a strange outpost of Soviet civilization, with its square, its civic centre and its statues, stuck down in the middle of nowhere. Then on to that magnificent, though militarily ineffective monument, the Great Wall of China, looking like Hadrian's Wall only going on for ever; and so to the Chinese frontier and the caves of Tun-huang, where Buddhist immigrants arrived on the silk road from India and produced those splendid and very Indian sculptures and frescoes.

A thousand miles further into China, at Mei-Shi-Shen, the archaeologists found more, and more amazing, caves, carved out of a towering cliff and connected to each other by dizzy-looking wooden galleries. This site was only discovered in 1941, and this was the first film of it to reach the West. By the time



Bertrand Russell, O.M., in 'Press Conference' on October 3; and (left) a scene from the film about the Oldham Repertory Theatre in 'Monitor' on September 28

we reached Long-Men, with its gigantic statues, the gentle spirit of Indian Buddhism had been transformed into an unmistakably Chinese style: violent, bizarre, cruel. This fascinating programme combined travelogue, history, sociology, and art.

sociology, and art.

'Monitor' (September 28) offered two items only, both of them excellent. First, a film about the Oldham Repertory theatre, typical of many, except perhaps that whereas we are always hearing that 'rep' is dying, in Oldham it obviously flourishes and is part of the life of the town. The film was rounded off by a lively discussion between John Hale and Paul Rogers. Both agreed that only in

'rep' can actors really learn their jobs, though the pressure is terrific. 'What we need', said Mr. Hale, 'is cash without strings'. 'Cash with faith', cried Mr. Rogers, and one wanted to cheer

The other item showed us Hammersmith Reach through the eyes of two artists, Carel Weight and Ruskin Spear, for whom this stretch of Thames-side offers all they need. The cutting, back and forth between actual scenes in streets and pubs and the paintings themselves, was well done, and made me even more impatient to see how the film has managed the life and works of another celebrated London artist, the late Gulley Jimson.

K. W. GRANSDEN

#### DRAMA

#### From Shaw to Synge

It is not easy, one knows, to turn on a steady jet of good new plays for Sunday-Night Theatre. But it might be possible to give a good old one better casting and production than were bestowed on 'Arms and the Man' on Sunday night. We were shown the kind of style that Shaw needs when Geoffrey Keen, wasted in the small part of the man-servant Nicola, spoke his few lines. Delivery and pointing were here faultless. Alan



A cameleer belonging to the camel caravan with which Claude Arthaud and François Hebert-Stevens crossed the Gobi desert. The first of two programmes about their journey was given in 'Travellers' Tales' on October 1

MacNaughtan is an actor who can hold his own in most kinds of comedy, but his Bluntschli, though not missing fire, scarcely found the target throughout. There were times in his performance when he could have scored more with lines that usually register a bull's-eye hit. The gloriously inglorious Sergius became quite unamusing in the hands of Stanley Baker: but I have memories of both Gielgud and Olivier in this role, and that certainly makes things difficult for those who come after.

If Sergius was under-played, the ladies' parts were not; the flouncing and pouting of Susan Maryott as Raina were overdone. Since musical versions are now in fashion, somebody might revive 'The Chocolate Soldier'. That would give a chance to the fine voice of Ian Wallace, who seemed rather lost in the part of Petkoff. If we are to have more Shavian revivals, I hope they will be more carefully planned and manned than was this one.

than was this one.

On Sunday, the prelude to Shaw was the first of a series of N.B.C. recordings of top American Variety programmes. The 'Steve Allen Show' was laced, naturally, with a number of jests that could have no relevance for British viewers, but Mr. Allen, who cer-

viewers, but Mr. Allen, who certainly does not look a professional droll, was intermittently very amusing indeed. There was with him a diminutive comedian who was in great form as a Spanish dancer and as the recipient in a television give-away-prizes show. Mr. Allen, resembling the spectacled type that might be going to join a panel of economists discussing a trade recession, discharged his cracks effectively and modestly. He gave plenty of scope to his colleagues, one of whom capitally burlesqued those marriage counsellors who believe that broken unions are best mended with an application of gluey platitudes.

Celtic accents dominated the night of September 30. Wales produced a comedy about Welsh hero-worship, 'The Immortal Evan Harris' by Idwal Jones, adapted by John Wiles. It was not that the mediocre and sup-

Evan Harris' by Idwal Jones, adapted by John Wiles. It was not that the mediocre and supposedly dead Evan had had, like Cleopatra, 'immortal longings': instead this small-town author was having immortal greatness thrust

upon him. After the posthumous paeans, the return of the native caused embarrassment. Such come-backs are sadly familiar on the stage and screen, but it is always good to see and hear Eynon Evans as a crusty but likable senior; he has a natural touch with the humours of his people. It was not an occasion to be especially remembered; neither was it an occasion to resent.

It is the present fate of the classics of the 'straight' theatre to be made the matter of musicals. Shakespeare, Shaw, Wilde, and Tom Robinson have all recently been given song and dance. Why not?



A scene from 'The Heart's a Wonder', the musical version of 'The Playboy of the Western World', excerpts from which were televised from the West-minster Theatre on September 30: Una Collins as Pegeen and Joe Lynch as Christopher Mahon are in the centre of the stage



'The Immortal Evan Harris', on September 30: (left to right) Brian Peck as Evan, son of 'the immortal Evan Harris', Eynon Evans as David Henry, and Edward Evans as Lewis Markham

Better a good old story for this kind of titivation than a silly new one. Now it is J. M. Synge's turn and the transmission from the Westminster Theatre of a section of 'The Heart's a Wonder' (alias 'The Playboy of the Western World')

showed proper respect for a text that is a string of verbal felicities.

The Playboy, it will be remembered, became a village hero because he boasted that he had killed his father; the adaptors, Nuala and Mairin O'Farrell, have dealt no savage or fatal blow to the 'da' of this enchanting comedy with their Syngesong. The words of the inserted lyrics were in tune with the tunes and these were traditional native airs; Una Collins and Joe Lynch as Pegeen and Christy Mahon gave them good voice, with the result that we had a bluffer's opera (or a sufficient section of it) that was gay and gracious in an unpre-

The Irish company involved had hardly the trick of lilting speech with which the Irish Players of fifty

years ago made Synge's dialogue dance in glory. But the original lingo was there and wasn't it a great thing, surely, to be hearing once more the likes of that, 'words that would raise the top-knot on a poet in a merchant's town?'

Synge said that he got his images and vocabulary from the country folk of the west coast and the beggar-women of Dublin. But, writing in 1907, he gave that richness only a few more years to live. Have events altogether fulfilled his dismal prophecy?

Ivor Brown

[Philip Hope-Wallace will discuss 'A Tale of Two Cities' when he reviews televised music of the month on October 30]

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

#### Anglo-Celtic Attitudes

MR. ALUN OWEN has written an interesting play about the moral issues that soldiers face when military considerations force them to destroy a shrine they hold sacred. Mr. Donald McWhinnie's production of 'The Rough and Ready Lot' made it a memorable piece of radio; the debate which it contained will remain in my mind for a long time.

The action takes place in the eighteen-seventies in a South American republic, at the moment when the mercenary officers of a revolutionary army are confronted with a monastery which has been turned into a strongpoint. A Fluellen, Captain Morgan, who has advanced from nonconformism to the point where God is dead, believes that the monastery must be destroyed in the interests of revolution. His bigotry is met and equalled by Captain O'Keefe, an Irish Catholic who is more interested in the victory of true religion. Captain Kelly, an apocryphal Irishman, cares little for the two extremists, and the Colonel, a Yorkshireman, has no interest in the moral issues and would avoid them altogether if he could.

no interest in the moral issues and would avoid them altogether if he could.

Mr. Patrick Magee's gravel-voiced O'Keefe brings the moral dispute to a conclusion by spiking Morgan's cannons. Morgan finds a trophy cannon, however, and when O'Keefe tries to stop him using it, it explodes and kills them both. The explosion is heard by the Spanish defenders of the monastery who desert their stronghold and leave the way open to the capital and victory. It is also heard by the Colonel's Indian camp follower who reveres the monastery as the site of an Indian shrine. She thinks that the Colonel has ordered the attack and she stabs him to death, Captain Kelly, who



The tribunal scene from the opera 'A Tale of Two Cities', on October 2:
Amy Shuard as Mme Defarge (in the witness box), Heddle Nash as
Dr. Manette (seated, centre), John Cameron as Sydney Carton (extreme
left), and, beside him, Heather Harper as Lucy Manette

has wanted simply to live, to fight, to take a bath and a drink, is then left in charge of the army Only the tolerant man without pride survives.

The play was memorable because the four officers stood not only for symbols in a moral debate but for religious and national ideas. Mr. Owen sees a bitter pride at the end of the Welsh nonconformist road, and a bigotry that is almost Calvinist in the Catholicism of O'Keefe. His Kelly shows that he believes that hope and survival lie with the men who take their religion with humility. His Colonel is his rarest portrait because it comes near to defining that most elusive character of all, the character of the English in thought. As long as the Colonel can avoid moral issues he leaves them alone. He is kind because self-interest requires him to be so; he compromises with an eye on the main chance. Life, he says, is ruled by economics and the practical needs of the immediate moment. His tragedy begins when he is forced to take sides in a moral issue, and it is at this point that the Colonel as an Englishman throws in his hand and begins to live in a world that he does not understand. Mr. Owen shows in the Colonel that he is a long way towards defining English character. For his definition in this respect alone The Rough and Ready Lot' deserves fuller attention and an appearance on the boards.

Off the boards, and reeking of them, are the plays of Mr. Noël Coward. The Home Service's sudden festival of his plays is revealing his extraordinary unevenness as a writer. He is a great showman and knows the theatre well, but the radio performances of his plays shows up the shallowness of much of his dialogue and the theatricality of his plots. 'The Vortex', faithfully performed in 1920 greasepaint voices, is a very poor play. Its characters and situations are utterly false and I am sure that few people ever believed in Florence Lancaster and her

theatrical affair with a young cad.

Her son, Nicky, may be regarded as the prototype of the Angry Young Men but this does not mean that he is any more real. Life today is giving us petit bourgeois Nickys and Edwardian-type cads who are just as unreal and just as theatrical as the characters in 'The Vortex'. If it could give us another 'Brief Encounter', which was well handled by Miss Annabel Maule and Mr. Simon Lack, the present theatre would be much healthier. In 'Brief Encounter' Mr. Coward maintains his care for the box-office but he manages to make the situation true for any middle-aged woman involved in a love affair. The brief dash of realism in this play was swept aside by the Ruritanian stupidities of 'The Queen was in the Parlour' which I found to my astonishment was written in the year of the General Strike. To be hard on Mr. Coward is not to be hard on the producers and actors who have been serving up these museum pieces. Their faithfulness to the originals should prevent contemporary play-

wrights from being so theatrical again.
'The Last Day', by Mr. Jack Jones, another Welshman, gave an accurate portrait of the life of a Welsh club pianist. From the warm snug of his coffin the pianist reminisces and his wife and friends join in. Mr. Jones caught the truth in the life of the clubs and Mr. John Griffiths as producer backed him up. Reminiscence is one radio's most satisfactory forms. Mr. Jones has found how to use it.

IAN RODGER

#### THE SPOKEN WORD

#### Intentions and Translations

THERE WAS a promising whiff of academic gunpowder about the title and preliminary note to Mr. George Watson's talk, 'A Modern Literary Heresy' (Saturday, Third). And so it proved up to a point. Here was a carefully laid scheme

to blow up the whole citadel of the 'New The fuse that was to lead into the heart of the fortifications consisted of a studied defence of what has been labelled—and dismissed—as the 'intentional fallacy'. The New Criticism, Mr. Watson claims, has unjustifiably expelled the poet from the poem by insisting that 'the design or intention of the author is neither available nor desirable as a standard for

judging the success of a work of literary art'.

The claim is primly put. And it ignores the fact that, however undesirable they may be, an author's intentions are often, heaven knows, quite readily available. So I began to listen to Mr. Watson with all my sympathies on his side. His talk, apart from some loaded analogies, was tactfully framed, and most persuasively de-livered. So why, as I listened, was I less and less persuaded? I share a good many of the speaker's views—or prejudices. For me, practical criticism has always seemed to be an exercise in pedagogical superiority, an elaborate parlour game dis-guised as a pseudo-scientific experiment. And I think much of the so-called new criticism sets itself up to be either a science or a religious creed, which criticism can never be.

Nevertheless, Mr. Watson's counter-claimit is the known intention of the poet that governs our understanding '-rang to me completely hollow. Contradictory examples rush in where such a pronouncement dares to tread. In judging Phèdre, are we governed by the known intentions of Racine, as set out in his preface to the play? On the contrary, his protests throw some light on the man, none on the poetry. And if the avowed intentions of the greatest writers can fly so obviously in the face of the real meaning of their work, what are we to make of lesser instances? And what of all the great works left to us without any comment from their authors? We know nothing of the intentions of Catullus or Villon. We know a good deal about those of Rimbaud. I doubt whether this makes any real difference to our valuation of the poetry. We can only accept the created work as a discovery. The poet's task is to find out what it, the poem, intends, and leave it at that. If Shakespeare had written a preface to *Hamlet*, it might have been quite as unsatisfactory as Racine's to *Phèdre*. Every fresh critic who sets out to define the intentions of the author of Hamlet ends up in his own particular dead-end in queer street. If Mr. Watson's carefully conducted fuse seemed similarly to fizzle out in a blind alley, his title may help to tell us why. There are no dogmas in criticism, so how can there be heresies?

To come down from the stratosphere of critical intentions to the rough terrain of poetry itself: the programme devised, translated and presented by Burns Singer and Jerzy Peterkiewicz, on 'The Poetry of Poland' (Monday, Third) ought, by all the odds, to have been unsatisfactory indeed. Four centuries of a nation's poetry in half an hour: the result could only be a series of snippets, and yet the effect was far from scrappy, though certainly it was tantaliz-ing. The translators' choice must have been governed by a keen sense of tradition and force of temperament in the poets who found a place in this minimal anthology. For most of us, Polish poetry can only exist beyond the possible verge of the known. For myself, I can only say I had not heard one of the names mentioned, apart from the inevitable Mickiewicz, and—by a coincidence—Cyprian Norwid, another nine-teenth-century poet a selection of whose poems appears, in translation, in the current number of Botteghe Oscure. These were enough to assure me that the Byronic stanzas chosen to represent him in the programme were anything but adequate to a poet of remarkable range and

And yet I must repeat that the choice as a whole had a decided unity of impact. This was

poetry that fitted at once into the European picture, and yet had a complete independence of its own. Resilience, toughness, wit, were the common qualities. These poets seem to share with their great compatriot, Chopin, a ruthlessness, an economy and elegance of means that makes for lasting modernity. The translations gave at least the temporary illusion of listening to the poets direct.

What would the intentionalist and the antiintentionalist make of the insect world? I suppose the scientist wouldn't give the first of the two an entry permit. No world gives quite so cynical a twist to the policy of live-and-let-live until your victim is used up. What with edible husbands, and peripatetic meat-factories, Nesta Pain offered a rich choice of horrors in her programme, 'Flies So-Called'—and preserved a neat balance between pathetic fallacy and inhuman melodrama. Antony Hopkins's music hovered on the edge of Disney, but was a necessary relief in its way.

DAVID PAUL

#### MUSIC

#### Late Night Final and S.N.O.T.

THE EXTENSION of the Home Service to provide half an hour's music each night before closing down, and the addition of two hours to the Third Programme on Saturdays, shows a welcome change of heart at Broadcasting House. A year ago at this time the clock was put back, and only the strenuous protests of the 'minority audience' prevented the damage from being worse than it was. Now the B.B.C. seems to acknowledge that the protestants were right and that there does exist an audience, sufficiently large to deserve attention, for 'music of a different kind from that provided by the Light Programme', as the official announcement of the new programme blandly put it.

At the risk of arousing those who on hearing the word 'culture' feel for their pistols, I would say that, on the showing of its first week, 'Music at Night' is in effect an extension of the Third Programme radiated on a more generally available wave-length-which is all to the good The new programme is not designed to meet 'popular' taste, being devoted mainly to cham-

ber-music of various kinds.

The series opened with an excellent performance, only lacking the final touch of native idiom that Slavonic musicians alone can, perhaps, bring to it, by the Aeolian String Quartet of Dvořák's Quartet in F, which we must now apparently call 'The American'. (Do we have, likewise, to talk of 'the American in the woodpile'?) Recitals of pianoforte by Fauré and Liszt given respectively by John Simons and Cyril Preedy indicate that the programme is to afford a hearing to the younger performers. I note further that, in deference to the representations of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Musicians, all these programme are prerecorded. It is only the listener who has to sit up to hear them.

Saturday Night on the Third, if I may audaciously borrow a title from Big Brother in the neighbouring column, seems also (to judge from the first two weeks' programmes) to be mainly musical. I do not know whether the new starting-time of six o'clock is to apply all the year round, or only during the autumn and winter months. But let us be grateful for a move in the

right direction.

Again there was an auspicious start to the new arrangement with the first programme of a series devoted to the music of Roberto Gerhard, who expounded, the evening before, his views on the relationship that should exist between a composer and his audience. In his talk he ruefully acknowledged that it may well be the composer's fault if the listener's attention lapses and so

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Vol. XXXIII, No.127

CONTENTS

Self-Evidence and Proof
Pragmatic Implication
An Approach to the Problems of Punishment
DISCUSSION

Empirical Statements and Falsifiability
A Rejoinder to Professor Hempel's Reply
Thinking and Machines
Faith and Logic
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loses a vital thread in the music. This is, of course, an experience common enough, especially in listening to broadcast performances where there is nothing, except the music itself, to fix the attention. Ideally, it may be, the music itself ought to suffice, and does, 'when the right man sings it'. Gerhard himself came successfully through the test in this first programme.

The Capriccio for solo flute played by Gareth Morris, who is as good a flautist as I have ever heard, is a delightful piece, whose apparent freedom in improvisation is somehow always kept in check so that it does not aimlessly wander—a considerable achievement with a single line of music composed in this style. The two experimental Sketches played by William Glock were too slight for attention to lapse, and so intriguing that one would have liked to hear them twice. The seven Hai Kai, admirably sung by Gerald English with an accompaniment for

wind (the Dennis Brain Ensemble) and pianoforte, were also 'brief as a posy in a ring', but fashioned with a truly Japanese economy and sureness of line. A Wind Quintet, the most substantial work in the programme, held one's attention, too, with its masterly use of colour and its alternating lyrical charm, passion, and gaiety. The only thing I could not detect in this music, that reminds one now of Weber's delicacy, now of Bartók's alternating sensitiveness and ferocity, was an individual personality that one could recognise as the essential Gerhard. Perhaps this quality is especially difficult to project in serial composition or especially elusive when projected?

The opera of the week was Rossini's 'La donna del lago', an opera seria that in some ways anticipates William Tell. Though handicapped by a cliché-ridden and badly constructed libretto, based on what Stendhal all too truth-

fully called 'a bad poem of Walter Scott', this latest of the exhumations carried out at the Florence Festival proved well worth a hearing. It contains a great deal of first-rate Rossini and rather less than the expected quota of stereotyped music. This effect was partly achieved by some cuts and by the judicious revision carried out by Vito Frazzi who (following Rossini's example in a Parisian production) substituted a fine quartet from another opera for the original show-piece allotted to the prima donna, and then brought in a repeat of the lovely duet in the first act. The procedure rather left Ellen's successful suitor out of the picture, but as he, sung by a mezzo-soprano, was the least effective member of an otherwise capable cast, that did not greatly matter. The Florentine orchestra did full justice to the remarkably beautiful score under Tullio Serafin's experienced direction.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

### The Recent Music of Racine Fricker

By COLIN MASON

The first performance of 'A Vision of Judgement' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 8.35 p.m. on Monday, October 13

HE last four years have brought about a change of emphasis in Fricker's output. Between 1948 and 1954 he wrote two symphonies, two violin concertos, a Viola Concerto, a Piano Concerto, and a Concerto for three pianos and orchestra, as well as two string quartets and a Sonata for violin and piano. This concentration of abstract instrumental works, all of symphonic dimensions, was relieved only by a Concertante for cor anglais and strings and a Prelude, Elegy, and Finale for string orchestra, which are works of the same kind on a smaller scale, a short ballet and a set of Four Impromptus for piano. Most of these works were commissioned, which means that Fricker's pursuit of this relatively narrow track may not have been by his own inclination. The last of these commissions was for the Second Violin Concerto, which he called Rapsodia concertante, suggesting that he wanted to get away from the normal concerto formula. The orchestration, in which there is a prominent virtuoso percussion part, also seemed to be an expression of a need to break out and exercise invention in new directions.

Since then he has been lucky enough to get commissions which have allowed him to do this. His only works of the sonata-type, in more than one movement, have been chamber-music—two duo-sonatas, for horn and piano (1955) and 'cello and piano (1956), and an Octet for wind and strings. There is only one work for full orchestra, the Dance Scene, the conception of which is not purely symphonic. He is now working on a short concertante piece for piano and orchestra for the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Society's competition for pianists next year, which will be of less than full concerto-dimensions and will allow him again to avoid the conventional formal scheme.

Fricker's most important work in this period, and the most extended and ambitious that he has yet written, is the oratorio A Vision of Judgement (1956-57), commissioned for the Leeds Centenary Festival, where it will have its first performance next week. Fricker had long nursed the idea of setting this text (from the eighth-century poem 'Christ' by Cynewulf) as an oratorio, and he had made some moves in the right direction in the preceding two years. For the tenth anniversary of the Morley College Concerts Society in 1955 he wrote his first choral work since the Two Madrigals to poems by Walter de la Mare (1947), a setting of Marvell's Musick's Empire for choir and small orches-

tra. The religious theme of the oratorio is anticipated in the 'Elegy on the Tomb of St. Eulalia', a cantata for counter-tenor, viola da gamba and harpsichord, and in two instrumental works with religious associations—the Litany for double string orchestra (1955), in which a plainsong melody is used, and the Choral for organ (1956). The list of Fricker's output during these four years is completed by a set of Variations for piano (1958), Four Sonnets for piano (1955), a Nocturne and Scherzo for piano-duet (1954), and a Suite for recorders (1956).

In this group of works Fricker has steered away from the rut in which he once seemed likely to stick, and has steadily increased his range. Each one has contributed something new to his music and to our musical experience. The two duo-sonatas maintain the thoughtfulness and interest of form that from the beginning have distinguished his sonata-type works. In the three-movement Horn Sonata there is no true slow movement. The nearest to it, rather enigmatically headed 'Invocation', is placed last, as in the Violin Sonata and the Second String Quartet. The 'Cello Sonata has four movements, all with sonata-like features.

The Octet is formally less serious and less concentrated. Its sequence of movements follows the pattern of Bartók's Fifth String Quartet, but in character it is more suite-like. The first movement is a Toccata, and the last, in which some of the same thematic material reappears, is similar in kind. There are two slow movements, the first a Nocturne, in which the 'night music' is interrupted by duet-passages for clarinet and violin, the second a complex-textured contrapuntal piece entitled Canto. Between them comes a witty scherzo which Fricker has deliberately based on Berlioz's Queen Mab scherzo—a kind of homage that is well known among painters.

In these instrumental works Fricker makes considerable use, with varying consistency, of twelve-note technique, as he does also in the fascinatingly constructed Choral for organ, where the choral-theme is a twelve-note melody of his own composition, and in the Litany where the plainsong melody is presented in a twelve-note harmonic context. Both are important works, and the Litany is one of the most beautiful in sound that Fricker has ever written. In general conception it has an obvious resemblance to Vaughan Williams's Tallis Fantasia, and impressively holds its own in the comparison. Its beauty of sound-quality is one of several evidences in Fricker's recent music of an in-

creasing interest in and sensitivity to instrumental tone as a part of composition, rather than simply a vehicle for it. The same sensitivity is evident also in the choral works that he has now embarked on. While in the instrumental works he has become increasingly engaged with twelvenote technique, in the choral works, without denying himself the complexity of harmony that is one of the prominent characteristics of his musical thinking, he has kept the individual vocal parts tonally simple and singable. He has also chosen texts, for both works, in which elemental musical conceptions (e.g., harmonious colonies, Heaven's quire, solemn noise, loud trumpets, a sound loud and immeasurable, or angels' song) play a large part, providing opportunities for broad and simple choral effects.

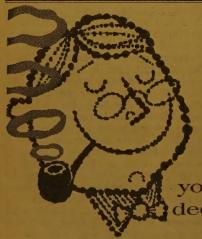
These divergent trends, towards complexity and simplicity of technique, in Fricker's recent works, have broadened and strengthened his music. Although he has hardly attempted to reconcile them yet, he has been able to achieve more in each direction for having explored the other. What the choral works do have in common, technically, with the instrumental ones, is their originality of form. Both are planned as single movements, cohering by continuity of impetus rather than by thematic symmetry. In Musick's Empire the problem was not great, but A Vision of Judgement is an impressively compact design, giving the effect of an immense choral movement in several sections, including one lengthy unaccompanied one, with one or two widely spaced quasi-symphonic recurrences of certain passages, and three contrasting episodes for the soprano and tenor soloists (one aria each and a duet).

In both the choral works Fricker's main interest is in choral possibilities rather than in vocal writing in general. There are no soloists in Musich's Empire, and in A Vision of Judgement their parts, although important, are the subsidiary episodes in the design. It is clear from them however that he has thought them out with great care and put much work into them, for which he is likely to have further results to show. The soprano solo in particular has the characteristics of an excellent operatic aria. Fricker would like to write an opera, and if he lived in Germany he would long ago have been commissioned to do so. He is certainly ready now to tackle this largest, most difficult and greatest of forms, and if he can find the encouragement and opportunity to do so, we can look forward to the result with some optimism.



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### Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

#### CASSEROLE OF PIGEONS

IGEONS ARE PLENTIFUL just now and not expensive. One bird is enough for two people. The secret of making pigeons succulent is to traise them slowly. First, brown the bird in a eavy oven-pot. Add some strips of streaky acon, a sliced carrot, a little celery cut length-rays and then chopped across, and some halved aushrooms. Put in a bay leaf and two sprigs of arsley tied together. Season with pepper and all. Place in hot stock with a glass of brown days a water and cider to come a quarter of the der, or water and cider to come a quarter of the ray up in the pot. Bring to boiling point. Put ne lid tightly on the pot; then place it in a slow ven and leave it untouched for about four ours. Remove the bay leaf and parsley before rving.

VICTOR MACCLURE

#### A SIMPLE MENU

n easily prepared and tasty meal can be made f stuffed green peppers with spinach and hot otato salad, followed by German chocolate

otato salad, followed by German chocolate udding.

Take one good-sized green pepper for each erson, cut off the stalk end and remove all the ceds and the core. Plunge the peppers in boiling rater for a minute or two until their crispness is softened. Drain them and stuff with a nixture of cooked minced meat, minced onion and bread crumbs. Dot with butter and cook in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

For the hot potato salad, cut cooked potatoes into small cubes while they are hot, and toss neem in about an ounce of butter into which ou have worked a teaspoon of lemon juice and the of chopped parsley.

ne of chopped parsley.

The German chocolate pudding is made with ½ lb. of plain chocolate broken into small pieces. Put aside a small piece for grating, and melt the rest in a pan with a teacup of milk. Cut a plain sponge cake into transparently thin slices. Put a layer of melted chocolate in a dish and then a layer of sponge slices, and so on. When the pudding is cold, cover with a thin layer of custard or cream and decorate with the grated chocolate.

MARGARET RYAN

#### STAINLESS STEEL SINKS

If it is well looked after, stainless steel is a firstclass material for a sink—no chipping or cracking, and it is hygienic. It is perfectly rustless, but if salts and acids are allowed to stay on the steel for any length of time they will leave marks.

To keep the sink in good order you should give it a quick wash after use with warm suds, then rinse and dry it. If you do not do this, a film of dirt gradually builds up. Then, about once a week, it is a good plan to give the surface a scour. I find I get the best results if I use one of the modern scouring powders—the not-too-scratchy kind. You can feel if they scratch by rubbing them between your finger and thumb. In hard-water districts this weekly scour has a special importance: it deals with a sort of blue have which is ant to appear. It sort of blue haze which is apt to appear. It also shifts any marks made by dripping taps.

Do not let even splashes of bleaching solution

fall on stainless steel. Do not use undiluted or strong disinfectants. If you clean the table silver by putting it into a jar of one of those 'watch-the-tarnish-disappear' liquids, do not stand the

jar on a stainless steel draining board. They do stainless steel no good: silver is the metal they are designed for.

#### Notes on Contributors

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of The Biological Application of Freezing and

DILYS POWELL (page 568): film critic of the Sunday Times since 1939; author of Descent from Parnassus, Remember Greece, and Coco COLIN MASON (page 581): music critic of the

#### Crossword No. 1.480.

#### Loaded Dice-II.

By Wray

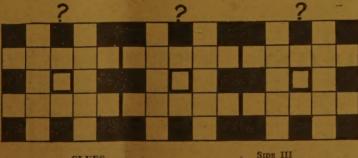
Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s 6d, respectively

closing date: first post on Thursday, October 16. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes ontaining them should be addressed to the Editor of The Listener, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, 7.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

.. .

#### SIDE II

- 5. Feeling Dizzy? Here's a cure
- 6. Instrument for an army man at Tooting
- 7. Fay's in jeopardy with an unqualified driver chasing her
   8. Fruity smile of bloodhounds!



#### CLUES SIDE I

- 1. Ancient rock
  2. Paltry sounding northern poet
  3. M. Morhange's nom-de-plume
  4. Discoverer of Nile's source

- 9. Greek priest holds the key to atomic power in the Pacific
  10. Regressive monopoly reveals a moun-

tain
11. The French girl has a statutory right
12. Flower for the French adventurer

SIDE IV

Manchester Guardian; author of Bartók

- 13. About fifty different vegetables in a food 14. A lad's fancy for the Derby over 60 years ago 15. The liner, without me, may set an old course 16. The poet's below, tidy, hurriedly beginning

- 17. This dog was arraigned for stealing cheese 18. Hot spiced drink for an Abyssinian 19. In the country of river and mountains 20. Eastern wild bull in a wind

- 21. Drinking-cup if old in fortune 22. Head kerchief worn in place of a hat 23. Meredith claims the blackbird has the quaintest one 24. Take, alas, changed subject of fishy biography

#### Solution of No. 1,478



The unclued lights are all names of military operations in the second world war.

Across: 13. Stevenson's Bk. of Q. 18. Re-grog (rev.). 26. Hidden. 35. Sobe(it)r. 47. O. Henry-Porter. 59. Pun. 62. Devas (rev.)

Down: 7. Anag. 18. Anag. (B. gals). 27U. Anag. 29. Anag. (yodel). 49. I go (up) val(e). 55U. 3 mngs. 68-69D. Hidden.

1st prize: Group Captain Struan Marshall (Edinburgh 5); 2nd prize: E. C. Hunt (Great Yarmouth); 3rd prize: Miss K. M. Freke (Portmadoc)

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